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Richard C. Perkins.







THE
TIN TRUMPET;

OR,
HEADS AND TALES.



THE TIN TRUMPET;

OR,

HEADS AND TALES,

FOR THE WISE AND WAGGISH;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

BY THE LATE

PAUL CHATFIELD, M.D.

EDITED BY

JEFFERSON SAUNDERS, Esq.

“ Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.”—HORACE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE
TIN TRUMPET;
OR,
HEADS AND TALES.

LAMPS.—When these were brought in at night, the ancient Greeks used to salute them with the words, *Χαῖρε, φίλον φως—Salve amica lux!*—The human owls of modern times, when the intellectual light is spreading around them, are so far from hailing it with a blessing, that they retire to their cells and lurking places, and hoot at it as a pestilent innovation. While stabbing at the liberties and happiness of mankind, they would rather cry out, with Macbeth,—

“ Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry hold ! hold !”

LANDSCAPE GARDENING—Artificial nature: the finest of the fine arts. He who lays out

grounds and gardens, calling new beauties into existence, not only for his own gratification, but for that of his contemporaries and successors, is exercising a benevolent power which makes him a species of creator. Like all the pure and simple pleasures, this is an enjoyment which rewards itself, and retains its attraction under all circumstances, and at every period of life. The word Paradise is synonymous with garden, and the Elysium of the ancients consisted of sylvan fields. Happy the man who can secure a living apotheosis, amid the beatitudes of a terrestrial garden !

LANGUAGES—in several instances have derived their names from a single word. Sismondi writing on the literature of the Trouveres, says, “The Provençal was called the *Langue d’Oc*, and the Wallon the *Langue d’Oil*, or *d’Oui*, from the affirmative word of each language, as the Italian was then called the *Langue de Si*, and the German the *Langue de Ya*.” Not only to a whole language, but to a whole life may the word *yes* give its colour and character, as many an unhappy wife has found to her cost.

Language, which is the uniting bond and the very medium of communion between men, is at the same time by the great variety of tongues, the means of severing and estranging nations more than any thing

else. In this respect it may be compared to the Ourang-outang, which according to the travelling showman, "forms the connecting link which separates mankind from the human race."

LAUGH—a horse.—The sorry hack upon which buffoons and jesters are fain to ride home, when they want to make a retreat, and are at a loss for any other conveyance. Such Merry Andrews save their credit as the Romans did their Capitol, by the cackling of geese. To succeed in this object all expedients are considered fair; to win the laugh, is to win the battle; if you cannot, therefore, check-mate your adversary by reasoning, dumb-found him by your superior learning, or surpass him in the brilliancy of your wit, knock him down by a poor pun, the worse the better; set the example of a hearty laugh, for this is catching, though wit is not, and make your escape while the company are exercising their risible muscles; they will generally be with you, for they like to see a conqueror capsized. The late Jack Taylor, of pleasant memory, who was no mean proficient in thus turning the tables upon his opponent, when he found himself losing, has recorded one of his exploits. He was rapidly losing ground in a literary discussion, when the opposite party exclaimed, "My good friend, you are not such a rare scholar as you imagine; you are an every day man." "Well, and you are a *weak*

one," replied Taylor, who instantly jumped upon the back of a horse laugh, and rode victoriously over his prostrate conqueror.

LAUGHTER.—A faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and one which there is, therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day if it have passed without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh." "*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est,*" says an anti-risible reader; but if laughter be genuine, and consequently a means of innocent enjoyment, can it be inept?

LAW—English—see Hocus Pocus, and Chicanery. The following character, or rather sentence of condemnation was pronounced upon it, by one well acquainted with his subject—the lecturer over the remains of the late Jeremy Bentham. In answer to the question, what is this boasted English law, which, as we have been told for ages, renders us the envy and admiration of surrounding nations, he

replies, “ The *substantive* part of it, whether as written in books or expounded by judges, a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge and monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuity, irregularity, and inconsistency; the *administrative* part of it, a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interest of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty; so places his interest in opposition to his duty, that in the very proportion in which it serves his ends, it defeats the ends of justice; a system of self-authorized and unpunishable depredation; a system which encourages mendacity, both by reward and punishment; a system which puts fresh arms into the hands of the injurer, to annoy and distress the injured; in a word, a system which maximises delay, sale, and denial of justice.” And yet, what an outcry was raised by the disinterested reverers of our time-hallowed institutions, when Lord Brougham attempted to sweep some of the filth from the mere margin of this sink of iniquity. His reforms were too rough, forsooth. They would have him cleanse the Augean stable with a white cambric handkerchief.

Most lawsuits are a juggle, whose sole object seems to be the plunder of both plaintiff and defendant by the prolongation of their quarrel. “ Strange,” says Old Fuller in his “ Worthies,” “ that reason continuing

always the same, law, grounded thereon, should be capable of so great alteration." It is *not* grounded upon reason, but upon the artifices of pettifoggers, and therefore its perversions and metamorphoses are infinite. *In Republicā corruptissimā plurimae leges.* When Justinian compiled his Institutes, the writings on the civil law alone amounted to many camel loads. *Ours* may be reckoned by ship loads, and the money annually expended upon law and lawyers, (not upon justice) may be counted by millions. Such is the magnitude and vitality of this hundred headed Hydra, that we may well doubt the power of Lord Brougham to crush it, even though he dip his arrows in the monster's gall. Hercules as he is, he will find it difficult to outlaw the lawyers.

LAWYERS—generally know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology, to appreciate the full grandeur and the proper tendencies of religion. Losing the abstract in the concrete, the comprehensive in the technical, the principal in its accessories, both are in the predicament of the rustic, who could not see London for the houses.

It has been invidiously said, that lawyers pass their time in taking advantage of their contemporaries; but if we may credit the authority of Foote, they sometimes outwit the undertaker even after their

death. That facetious person being once summoned into the country, by the relatives of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been appointed executor, was asked what directions should be given respecting the funeral? "What may be your practice in the country," said the wag, "I do not exactly know; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple manner. We lock it up in a room over night, and by the next morning it has always totally disappeared. Whither it has been conveyed we cannot tell to a certainty; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber, that we can form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyancer."

LEARNING—very often a knowledge of words, and an ignorance of things; a common act of memory, which may be exercised without common sense. A mere scholar is generally known by his unacquaintance with everything but languages, which have so filled his head, that they have left room for nothing else. He mistakes the steps for the temple of Minerva; the shrine for the goddess herself; and is as proud of his mind's empty purse, as if there were money in it! Pedantry's jargon will no more improve our understandings, than the importunate clink of a smoke-jack will fill our bellies.

The elaborate triflings of scholiasts and commentators, the jingling sophistries of logic, and what has been technically termed the learning of the schools, all of which were so many antidotes to sound sense and reflection, may well be thrown overboard, when many a member of our Mechanics' Institutes, possesses useful knowledge that might puzzle a whole convent of college monks.

Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn. Drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head, is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator for the "*demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*" No man likes to admit that his favourite opinion (perhaps the only child of his mind, and cherished accordingly) is an illegitimate one. Sluggish intellects are ever the most obstinate, for that which it has cost us much to acquire, it costs us much to give up; and the older we get, the more tenaciously we cling to our errors, as those weeds are most difficult to eradicate that have had the longest time to root themselves. Harvey could find no physician, turned of forty, who would admit the circulation of the blood. Numbers of these quadragenarian owls are now to be found in every profession, while we have Jesuits enough of all ages, who sigh for the suppressed Inquisition, whenever a political or religious Galileo promulgates any

truth that threatens to interfere with established falsehoods. These buzzards have yet to acquire the most useful of all learning—that of unlearning.

LIARS—Verbal forgers—stiflers of truth, and murderers of fact. They will sometimes attempt to conceal their failing by affecting a scrupulous adherence to veracity. B—, who rarely shamed the Devil, once said of his friend, “Jack is a good fellow, but, it must be confessed, he has his failings. I am sorry to say so, but I will not tell a lie for any man. Amicus Jack—*sed magis amica veritas*, — I love my friend, but I love truth still more.”—“My dear B—,” said a bystander, laying his hand upon his shoulder—“I never expected that you would have preferred a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance.”

The *ci-devant* civic dandy, who, from his rising in the east and setting in the west, or, perhaps, from his want of personal beauty, *quasi lucis à non lucendo*, had acquired the nickname of Apollo, once received a visit from a peer, whose propensity to fibbing is well known.—“I find,” said his lordship, who is apt to mistake impertinence for jocularity, “that you are going to the fancy-ball to-night, and I presume you will appear in the character of Apollo.”—“I had some such idea,” replied —, “and I am glad your

lordship has called, because you can now accompany me as my *lyre*."

LIBEL—Law of—a libel upon the law. Even under the tyranny of some of the Roman emperors, there seems to have been a greater latitude of speech and writing than is permitted by the laws of modern England. Adverting to the reigns of Trajan and Aurelius, Tacitus says—“*Rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.*”—“By the rare happiness of those days you might think what you wished, and speak as you thought.”

LIBELLERS—Literary bravos, supported by illiterate cowards. If the receiver of stolen goods be worse than the thief, so must the purchaser of libels be more culpable than their author. As the peruser of a slanderous journal would write what he reads, had he the talent, so the actual maligner would become a malefactor, had he the opportunity and the courage.—“*Maledictus à malefico, nisi occasione, non differt,*” says Quintilian.—“He who stabs you in the dark, with a pen, would do the same with a pen-knife, were he equally safe from detection and the law.”

A libeller’s mouth has been compared to that of a volcano—the lighter portions of what it vomits forth are dissipated by the winds; the heavier ones fall

back into the throat whence they were disgorged. The aspersions of libellers may, perhaps, be better compared to fullers' earth, which, though it may seem to dirt you at first, only leaves you more pure and spotless, when it is rubbed off.

LIBRARY—A precious catacomb, wherein are embalmed and preserved imperishably, the great minds of the dead who will never die.

“In the library of the world,” says Champfort, “men have hitherto been ranged according to the form, the size, and the binding. The time is coming when they will take rank and order according to their contents and intrinsic merits.”

LIFE—A momentary convulsion between two tranquil eternities;—an avenue to death, as death is the gate that opens to a new and more enduring life. Our tables and bills of mortality, within the last hundred years, show a remarkable and unprecedented increase in the average duration of human life; while our capacities for taking advantage of this prolonged term have, at least, been doubled within the term mentioned. The existence of a rational and improvable creature, is not to be measured by years and months, but by ideas and sensations—by what we can see, enjoy, learn, and accomplish during our pilgrimage upon earth, in which point of view every educated indivi-

dual, is as a Methuselah when compared to his remote ancestors. Look how we have conquered space and time, and all the elements that surround us, making an impalpable vapour, in England alone, perform the work of many millions of men, and thus leading us to the cheering hope that iron and steam may eventually supersede, to a considerable degree, the employment of human and animal bones and muscles, so that the meanest artizan may have leisure for recreation and the culture of his mind. Consider how the pangs of separation are diminished and the affections solaced, by those facilities of rapid travelling which may be said to have almost brought the uttermost ends of the earth together, and to have made each nation participate in the advantages of all. Easy is it now for any man or woman to be a literal cosmopolitan. A week takes us to St. Petersburgh—four weeks to Grand Cairo—a few months to the East Indies, or to any part of the world.

It is the activity of the mind, not the functional vitality of the body, that constitutes life. By the enlargement of our ideas, and the general diffusion of knowledge, consequent upon our increased powers of locomotion and comparison, we may condense a whole existence into a narrow compass of time, and enjoy a dozen such lives as were passed by the most enlightened of our ancestors. And yet, doubly precious as this state of being has become, how many are com-

elled to throw away life for a livelihood, *et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. Nevertheless, their mere vitality, even in spite of their discontents, is an inexhaustible source of gratification, and might be rendered much more so, would they but contemplate it in the proper light. "Enjoy thy existence," says Jean Paul Richter, "more than thy manner of existence, and let the dearest object of thy consciousness be the consciousness of life."

Though nothing is so closely allied as life to death, no two things are so utterly different from each other.

The ancient Egyptians considered every part of the universe to be endowed with an inherent life, energy and intelligence; worshipping the active phenomena of nature, without discriminating cause from effect. They believed the elements themselves to be animated; and why should they not be?—All of them have motion and a voice—the great constituents of vitality: and, if not themselves alive, they are all instinct with life.

Life has been compared to tragedy, comedy, and farce. It was reserved for Talleyrand to consider it as a one act piece. "I know not why the world calls me a wicked man," said Rulhière, "for I never, in the whole course of my life, committed more than one act of wickedness."—"But when will this act be at an end?" asked Talleyrand.

LIGHT—the new. It was said of Burns, that the light which led him astray, was light from heaven; a false and unguarded assertion, for no light from heaven can ever lead man astray. The spiritual new light is a Jack-o'-lantern, which sometimes lures its followers into quagmires and pit-falls; or it may be the glitter of gold, and the dazzling lustre of worldly greatness, by which they are lighted to dignities and high places. Of this latter we will cite an instance from the Life of Andrew Melville, by Dr. M'Crie:—“ When Cowper was made Bishop of Galloway, an old woman, who had been one of his parishioners, and a favourite, could not be persuaded that her minister had deserted the Presbyterian cause. Resolved to satisfy herself, she paid him a visit at the Canongate, where he had his residence, as Dean of the Chapel Royal. The retinue of servants, through which she had to pass, staggered the good woman’s confidence, and being ushered into a room, where the bishop sat, she exclaimed—‘ Oh, Sir! what’s this?— and ye ha’ really left the guid cause, and turned prelate!— ‘ Janet! ’ said the bishop, ‘ I have got a new light on this subject.’—‘ So I see,’ replied Janet; ‘ for when ye was at Perth, ye had but ae candle, and now ye ha’ got twa before ye.—That’s your *new* light.’ ”

LIGHT—Like the circulating blood, which returns

to the heart, is supposed to return to the sun, after having performed the functions for which it was emitted from that body. Even so will the soul, our intellectual light, return to its divine source, when released from the body, to whose earthly purposes it has ministered.

LITERATI—May be divided into two classes—those who live to study, and those who study to live; the former, tending to elevate literature, and the latter, to degrade it. The first generally survive their own death; the last often die and are forgotten in their lifetime, for that which is written for the day must expire with it.

LOVER—See **Lunatic**. A man, who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself. Lovers are seldom tired of one another's society, because they are always speaking of themselves. Let us not, however, disparage this fond infatuation, for all its tendencies are elevating. He who has passed through life without ever being in love, has had no spring-time—no summer in his existence; his heart is as a flowering plant which hath never blown—never developed itself—never put forth its beauty and its perfume—never given nor received pleasure.

The love of our youth, like Kennel coal, is so in-

flammable, that it may be kindled by almost any match; but if its transient blaze do not pass away in smoke, its flame, too bright and ardent to last long, soon exhausts and consumes itself. The love of our maturer age is like coke, which, when once ignited, burns with a steady and enduring heat, emitting neither smoke nor flame.

No wonder that we hear so much of the sorrows of love, for there is a pleasure even in dwelling upon its pains.—Revelling in tears, its fire, like that of Naphtha, likes to swim upon water.

Lovers must not trust too implicitly to their visual organs. A tender swain once reproached his inamorata with suffering a rival to kiss her hand, a fact which she indignantly denied.—“But I *saw it.*”—“Nay, then,” cried the offended fair, “I am now convinced you do not love me, since you believe your eyes in preference to my word.”

LUCK—Good and bad, is but a synonyme, in the great majority of instances, for good and bad judgment. The prudent, the considerate, and the circumspect, seldom complain of their ill luck; but I should shrewdly suspect the discretion of the grumbler, who protested that Fortune always made clubs or spades trumps, when he had not a single black card in his hand; and that even when he fell backwards he was sure to break his nose.

LUXURY—The conqueror of conquerors—the consumption of states—the dry-rot of the constitution—the avenger of the defeated and the oppressed. Poverty, conquest, wealth, luxury, decay ; such is the Round-Robin history of the world —

*“ Sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.”*

Mandeville's position, that private vices are public benefits, and that individual luxury, even when pushed to a faulty excess, is a public advantage, cannot be maintained ; for nothing that is injurious to one, can be good for many.

MAGNANIMITY—Is as often littleness as greatness of mind. There is a cheap species, which prompts us to feel complacently towards our enemy when he has enabled us to make a happy repartee.

We forgive him all his previous attempts to lower us, because he has unintentionally furnished us with a momentary triumph ; so completely does our love of self predominate, even over our dislike of others. The more cruelly we have mauled our poor vanquished opponent, the more tenderly do we regard him ; and if we have well nigh blown him to atoms, we feel as if we could never again injure a hair of his

head. As there is no magnanimity so cheap, there is none so gratifying as this, for we like to purchase our virtues on good terms. One of Sheridan's creditors, after having long and vainly dunned him, at length suggested, that if he could not discharge the principal of the debt, he might, at least, pay the interest. "No," said the wag; "it is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest." Though he had previously hated the man for his vulgar importunity, it is recorded that he took him into favour from that moment, and actually defrayed the amount of his bill, a rare instance of preference, considering that he seldom discharged any debt till he paid that of nature.

Pleasant enough was the magnanimity of the person who, being reproached with not having revenged himself of a caning he had received, exclaimed, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back!"

MAN—An image of the Deity, which occasionally acts as if it were anxious to fill up a niche in the temple of the Devil. The only creature which, knowing its mortality and immortality, lives as if it were never to die, and too often dies as if it were never to live:—the sole being gifted with reason, the only one that acts irrationally:—the nothing of yesterday—the

dust of to-morrow. Man is a fleeting paradox, which the fulness of time alone can explain ; a living enigma, of which the solution will be found in death.

MARRIAGE—A state of which it is unnecessary to describe the great happiness, for two reasons ;—first, because it would be superfluous to those who are in the enjoyment of its blessings ; and secondly, because it would be impossible to those who are not.

Habituated as we are to the association of doves with loves, it seems startling to learn, on the authority of Pliny, that the Romans considered the hawk a bird of particularly good omen in marriage, because it never eats the hearts of other birds ; thus intimating that no differences or quarrels, in the marriage state, ought ever to reach the heart.

The difficulty of effecting marriages, in these times of expensive establishments, is one of the great evils of our social system, and the principal source of corrupt manners. Malthus's prudential restraint is actively operative among the middling, and utterly neglected by the lower classes ; hence the predominance of celibacy in the one, and of a redundant population and consequent pauperism, in the other.

“Marriage,” says Dr. Johnson ; “is the best state for a man in general ; and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.” It may be doubted, however, whether another of his

positions could be maintained—" that marriages in general would be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of character and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

In the pressure that now weighs upon all persons of limited fortune, sisters, nieces and daughters, are the only commodities that our friends are willing to bestow upon us for nothing, and which we cannot afford to accept, even gratuitously. It seems to have been the same, at a former period, in France. Maitre Jean Picard tells us that, when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, such of the neighbours as had grown up daughters and cousins came to him, and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him a second wife.—" Six weeks after," says Maitre Jean, " I lost my cow, and, though I really grieved upon this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another."

It has been recorded by some anti-connubial wag, that when two widowers were once condoling together, on the recent bereavement of their wives, one of them exclaimed, with a sigh, " Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first."—" There I surpass you," said his friend, " for the last day of *mine* was *happier!*"

MARTYR—That which all religions have furnished in about equal proportions, so much easier is it to die for religion than to live for it. Our high church conservatives cry out, with a lusty voice, “Touch not that which has been cemented by the blood of the holy martyrs!” Why, these very martyrs, whose devotedness proves nothing but their sincerity, died in the cause of reform; and yet their example is cited as a warning against it! If their blood appeal to us at all, it may rather be supposed to cry out against the monstrous abuses of that Christianity, for whose cause they became martyrs.

MASQUERADE.—A synonyme for life and civilised society. There are two sorts of masquerade, simulation, or pretending to be what you are not: and dissimulation, or concealing what you are, and we are all mummers under one or the other of these categories, excepting a few performers at the two extremes of life—those who are above, and those who are beneath all regard for appearances. As a secret consciousness of their defects is always prompting hypocrites to disguise themselves in some assumed virtue, the only way to discover their real character, is to read them backwards, like a Hebrew book.

Many masqueraders on the stage of real life,

betray themselves by overacting their part. With religious pretenders this is more especially the case, and for an obvious reason, they increase the outward and visible sign, in proportion as they feel themselves deficient in the inward and spiritual grace. Can we wonder at their sanctimonious looks, and puritanical severity? Even when they flounder and fail in their hypocrisy, they would persuade us that their very blunders proceed from a heavenly impulse. They remind one of the fat friar, who being about to mount his mule, called upon his patron saint to assist him, and gave such a vigorous spring at the same time, that he fell over on the other side, when he exclaimed with an air of complacency, “ Hallo ! the good saint has helped me too much !”

So difficult is it to avoid overacting our part, that we cannot always escape this error, when we are agents and accessaries, instead of principals, in imposing upon the world. The Regent of France, intending to go to a masquerade in the character of a lackey, and expressing an anxious wish to remain undetected, the Abbé Dubois, suggested that this object might easily be attained, if he would allow him to go as his master, and to give him two or three kicks before the whole company. This was arranged accordingly, but the pretended master applied his foot so rudely and so often, that the

Regent was fain to exclaim, “Gently, gently, Monsieur l'Abbé ! you are disguising me too much !”

MASTER.—Being our own master, means that we are at liberty to be the slave of our own follies, caprices, and passions. Generally speaking, a man cannot have a worse or more tyrannical master than himself. As our habits and luxuries domineer over us, the moment we are in a situation to indulge them, few people are in reality so dependent as the independent. Poverty and subjection debar us from many vices by the impossibility of giving way to them: when we are rich and free from the domination of others, we are corrupted and oppressed by ourselves. There was some philosophy, therefore, in the hen-pecked husband, who being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, “To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own.”

MEDICAL-PRACTICE.—Guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavouring to substitute man's.

• MELANCHOLY—Ingratitude to Heaven.—

O impious ingrates ! cast your eyes
On the fair earth—the seas—the skies,
And if the vision fail to prove
A Maker of unbounded love ;—

If in the treasures scattered wide,
To guests of earth, and air, and tide ;
If in the charms, with various zest,
To every sense of man addressed,
Ye will not see the wish to bless
With universal happiness,
Nor judge that mortals best fulfil
A bountiful Creator's will,
When, with a cheerful gratitude,
They taste the pleasures He has strew'd,
What can avail the wit, the sage,
The love of man, the sacred page,
When, by such evidence assailed,
Your God and all His works have failed !

As a good antidote to gloomy anticipations, we should all of us do well to recollect the saying of Sir Thomas More,—

“ If evils come not—then our fears are vain,
And if they do—fear but augments the pain.”

MEMORY.—Rochefoucauld says, “ Every one complains of his memory, no one of his judgment.” And why? Because we consider the former as depending upon nature; and the latter upon ourselves. Alleged want of memory is a most convenient refuge for our self-love, since we can always throw it as a cloak over our ignorance. It is astonishing how much people are in the habit of forgetting what they never knew.

“ Strange,” says the same writer, “ that we can always remember the smallest thing that has happened to ourselves, and yet not recollect how often we have repeated it to the same person.”

It is a benevolent provision of nature, that in old age the memory enjoys a second spring—a second childhood, and that while we forget all passing occurrences, many of which are but painful concomitants of old age, we have a vivid and delightful recollection of all the pleasures of youth. Many a greybeard, who seems to be lost in vacancy, as he sits silently twiddling his thumbs, is in fact chewing the mental cud of past happiness, and enjoying a tranquil gratification, which youngsters might well envy.

Objects become shadowy to the bodily eye, as they are more remote, but to the mental eye of age, the most distant are the most distinct. A man of eighty may forget that he was seventy, but he never forgets that he was once a boy. Who can doubt the immortality of the soul, when we see that the mind can thus pass out of bodily decrepitude into a state of rejuvenescence? for this process amounts to a Palingenesia—a partial new birth out of a partial decease, preparatory to a total resurrection out of total dissolution.

MINDS.—Large ones, like pictures, are seen best at a distance. Their beauties are thus enhanced, and their blemishes concealed,—a process which is reversed by a close inspection. This is the reason, to say nothing of envious motives, why we generally

undervalue our contemporaries, and overrate the ancients.

MIRROR.—John Taylor relates in his *Records*, that having restored sight to a boy who had been born blind, the lad was perpetually amusing himself with a hand-glass, calling his own reflection his little man, and enquiring why he could make it do everything that he did, *except shut its eyes*. A French lover, making a present of a mirror to his mistress, sent with it a poetical quatrain, which may be thus paraphrased:—

“ This mirror *my* object of love will unfold,
Whensoe'er your regard it allures:—
Oh ! would, when I'm gazing, that I might behold
On its surface the object of *yours* !”

But the following old epigram, on the same subject, is in a much finer strain:—

“ When I revolve this evanescent state,
How fleeting is its form, how short its date ;
My being and my stay dependant still,
Not on my own, but on another's will ;
I ask myself, as I my image view,
Which is the real shadow of the two.”

MISADVENTURE—As well as Mischance and Misfortune, are all the daughters of Misconduct, and sometimes the mothers of Goodluck, Prosperity, and Advancement. To be thrown upon one's own re-

sources, is to be cast into the very lap of Fortune ; for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously unsusceptible. Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their vigour, and put forth their virtues. Lundy Foot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacconist's shop at Limerick. One night, his house, which was uninsured, was burnt to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbours, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed, but half-baked snuff, which they tried, and found it so grateful to their noses, that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with the spoil. Lundy Foot, roused from his stupor, at length imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was instantly struck by the superior pungency and flavour it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Treasuring up this valuable hint, he took another house in a place called Black Yard, and preparing a large oven for the purpose, set diligently about the manufacture of that high-dried commodity, which soon became widely-known as Black Yard snuff ; a term subsequently corrupted into the more familiar word—Blackguard. Lundy Foot, making his customers pay literally through the nose, raised

the price of his production, took a larger house in Dublin, and ultimately made a handsome fortune by having been ruined.

MISANTHROPE.—Quite unworthy of Goethe's genial and penetrative mind is his misanthropical remark, that "each of us, the best as well as the worst, hides within him something, some feeling, some remembrance, which, if it were known, would make you hate him." More consonant would it have been to truth, as well as to an enlightened spirit of humanism, had he reversed the proposition, and exclaimed, in the words of Shakspeare—

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out!"

Law's observation, "that every man knows something worse of himself than he is sure of in others," savours not of misanthropy, but of that doubly-beneficial feeling which inculcates individual humility, and universal charity.

Rochefoucauld, and misanthropical writers of the same class, cannot succeed in giving any man, of a generous and clear intellect, an unfavourable opinion of human nature. Like the workers of tapestry, who always behold the wrong side, they themselves may see nothing but unfinished outlines, coarse materials, crooked ends, and glaring defects, and yet produce a

portrait which, to those who contemplate it in front, and from a proper point of view, shall be full of grace, beauty, harmony, and proportion.

MISER.—One who, though he loves himself better than all the world, uses himself worse; for he lives like a pauper, in order that he may enrich his heirs, whom he naturally hates, because he knows that they hate him, and sigh for his death. In this respect, misers have been compared to leeches, which, when they get sick and die, disgorge, in a minute, the blood they have been so long sucking up. La Bruyere tersely says—“*Jeune on conserve pour la vieillesse : vieux on épargne pour la mort.*”

Pithy enough was the reply of the avaricious old man, who, being asked by a nobleman of doubtful courage what pleasure he found in amassing riches which he never used, answered—“Much the same that your Lordship has in wearing a sword.”

Perhaps the severest reproach ever made to a miser, was uttered by Voltaire. At a subscription of the French Academy for some charitable object, each contributor putting in a *louis d'or*, the collector, by mistake, made a second application to a member, noted for his penuriousness.—“I have already paid,” exclaimed the latter, with some asperity.—“I beg your pardon,” said the applicant: “I have no doubt you paid; I believe it, though I did not see it.”—

“And I saw it, and do not believe it,” whispered Voltaire.

MISFORTUNE—Is but another word for the follies, blunders, and vices, which, with a greater blindness, we attribute to the blind goddess, to the fates, to the stars, to any one, in short, but ourselves. Our own head and heart are the heaven and earth which we accuse, and make responsible for all our calamities.

The prudent make the reverses by which they have been overthrown supply a basis for the restoration of their fallen fortunes, as the lava which has destroyed a house often furnishes the materials for rebuilding it. Fools and profligates, on the contrary, seek solace for their troubles, by plunging into sensual and gross pleasures, as the wounded buffalo rolls himself in the mud.

The misfortune of the mischievous and evil-minded, is the good fortune of the virtuous; the failure of the guilty, is the success of the innocent: to pity, therefore, the former, is, in some sort, to injure the latter, and to destroy the effect of the great moral lesson afforded by both. Let us keep our sympathies for the sufferings of the good.

All men might be better reconciled to their fate, if they would recollect that there are two species of misfortune, at which we ought never to repine;—viz.,

that which we can, and that which we cannot, remedy;—regret being, in the former case, unnecessary, in the latter, unavailing.

The same vanity which leads us to assign our misfortunes or misconduct to others, prompts us to attribute all our lucky chances to our own talent, prudence, and forethought. Not a word of the fates or stars when we are getting rich, and everything goes on prosperously. So deeply-rooted in our nature is the tendency to make others responsible for our own misdeeds, that we lapse into the process almost unconsciously. When the clergyman has committed a peccadillo, he is doubly severe towards his congregation, and does vicarious penance in the persons of his flock. Men scold their children, servants, and dependants, for their own errors; coachmen invariably punish their horses after they themselves have made any stupid blunder in driving them; and even children, when they have tumbled over a chair, revenge themselves for their awkwardness, by beating and kicking the impassive furniture. Wine, the discoverer of truth, sometimes brings out this universal failing in a manner equally signal and ludicrous. An infant being brought to christen to a country curate, at a time when he was somewhat overcome by early potations, he was unable to find the service of Baptism in the book; and, after fumbling for some time, peevishly exclaimed—“Confound the brat! what is the matter with it? I never,

in all my life, knew such a troublesome child to christen!"

MISSIONS—Religious.—An attempt to produce, in distant and unenlightened nations, an uniformity of opinion on subjects upon which the missionaries themselves are at fierce and utter variance; thus submitting an European controversy of 1800 years to the decision of a synod of savages. Where the missionary begins with civilising and reclaiming the people among whom he is cast, he cannot fail to improve their temporal condition, and he is likely to contribute to their spiritual welfare; neither of which objects can be attained by the hasty zealot, who commences by attempting to teach the five points of Calvinism to barbarians unable to count their five fingers.

There is no reason to suppose, that the rapid conversion of the whole world to Christianity forms any part of the scheme of Providence, since, in eighteen centuries, so little comparative progress has been made towards its accomplishment. Still less shall we be warranted in concluding, that all those who remain in spiritual darkness will be eternally shut out from the mercy of their Creator, if we duly perpend the spirit of the Scriptures—"The Gentiles which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law." Rom. ii. 14.—"God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh right-

eousness, is accepted with him." Acts x. 34, 35.—"If there be a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." 2 Cor. viii. 12. And St. Paul seems to intimate that the Lord will accomplish his own work of conversion in his own time—"I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts. And they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest." Heb. viii. 10, 11.

It is to be feared, that the conduct of the Europeans among savage nations, especially if we recollect the horrors of the slave trade, will plead much more powerfully than the Gospel precepts of our missionaries. Even where our example has not nullified our doctrine, it is difficult to adapt the latter to the capacities of barbarians. We learn from "Earle's Residence in New Zealand," that when some of the missionaries were expounding the horrors of Tophet and eternal fire, their auditors exclaimed—"We will have nothing to say to your religion. Such horrid punishments can only be meant for white men. We have none bad enough among us to deserve them; but, as we have listened to you patiently, perhaps you will give us a blanket!"

MODERATION— Religious. An unattainable medium, since the world seems to be divided between

the enthusiastic and the indifferent, or those who have too much and those who have too little devotion. One party make religion their business; the other make business their religion. Two commercial travellers meeting at an inn near Bristol, and conversing upon spiritual subjects, one asked the other whether he belonged to the Wesleyan Methodists. "No," replied the man of business—"what little I do in the religious way is in the Unitarian line."

MONASTERY — A house of ill-fame, where men are seduced from their public duties, and fall naturally into guilt, from attempting to preserve an unnatural innocence. "It is as unreasonable for a man to go into a Carthusian Convent for fear of being immoral, as for a man to cut off his hands for fear he should steal. When that is done, he has no longer any merit, for though it is out of his power to steal, he may all his life be a thief in his heart. All severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil, is idle."

MONEY—A very good servant, but a bad master. It may be accused of injustice towards mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false. We hate to be cheated, not so much for the value of the commodity, as, because it makes others appear su-

perior to ourselves. Being defrauded would be nothing, were it not so galling to be outwitted. Crates, the Greek philosopher, left his money in the hands of a friend, with orders to pay it to his children in case they should be fools; for, said he, if they are philosophers, they will not want it. Money is more indispensable now than it was then, but, still, a wise man will have it in his head rather than his heart.

MORALITY—Keeping up appearances in this world, or becoming suddenly devout when we imagine that we may be shortly summoned to appear in the next.

MORAL CHOLERA.—“It is easier,” says St. Gregory Nazianzen, “to contract the vices of others than to impart to them our own virtue; just as it is easier to catch their diseases than to communicate to them our own good health¹.” Our anxiety to avoid bodily infection can only be exceeded by our total indifference to that which is mental. There is a moral, as well as a physical cholera, and yet, while we are frightened to death at the approach of the one, we voluntarily expose ourselves, during our whole life, to the attacks of the other. One of our jails was lately emptied because it contained a single case of

¹ *Facilius est vitium contrahere quam virtutem impetrare; quemadmodum facilius est morbo alieno infici, quam sanitatem largiri.*

Asiatic cholera; all the rest are kept crowded, until the patients, labouring under moral cholera, shall have corrupted the whole mass of their fellow prisoners. It seems to be the object of these institutions to propagate and disseminate the miasmata of vice, instead of preventing their circulation. Such of our malefactors as have the disease, in the natural way, are employed to inoculate the others, and then we wonder that there is a plague in the land. If an offender have broken one of the commandments, we guard against a repetition of the crime by sending him to a place where he not only learns to break the other nine, but to break prison also, when he presently begins to exercise his newly-acquired knowledge upon the community. We hang and transport rogues on a large scale, but we produce them on a still more extensive one.

MOTHERS.—Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters:—Truth has produced hatred; Success, pride; Security, danger; and Familiarity, contempt. And, on the contrary, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters, for Astronomy is the offspring of astrology; Chymistry of alchemy; Freedom, of oppression; Patience, of long-suffering.

MOUNTAINEERS—are rarely conquered, not

so much on account of the facility for defence afforded by their craggy heights, as from their hardier habits and greater patriotism. In the rich lowlands, art becomes the principal pursuit; art leads to riches and luxury, and these to enervation and subjection. On the high and barren places, man's occupations render him more conversant with nature, an intercourse which inseparably attaches him to "the mountain nymph—sweet Liberty."—When in danger of being worsted, Highlanders are renovated, like Antæus, by a touch of their native earth; and so might we, when attacked by the cares and sickliness of money-getting and money-spending, if we would only quit our crowded cities, take a walk in the fields, and touch the earth. When the leafless and embittering metropolis turns our moral honey into gall, we may always reverse the process by straying amid the flowers of the country.

MOUTH—An useless instrument to some people, in its capacity, by the organs of speech, of rendering ideas audible; but of special service to them in its other capacity of rendering victuals invisible.

MUSES—the.—Nine blue-stocking old maids, who seem to have understood all arts except that of getting husbands, unless their celibacy may be attributed to their want of marriage portions. These

venerable young ladies are loudly and frequently invoked by poetasters, writers in albums and annuals, and other scribblers; but, like Mungo in the farce, each of them replies, “ Massa, massa!—the more you call, the more me wont come.” One of our tourists, at Paris, observing that there were only statues of eight muses on the Opera House, which was then incomplete, inquired of a labouring mason what had become of the ninth. “ *Monsieur, je ne vous dirois pas,*” replied the man;—“ *mais probablement elle s'amuse avec Apollon!*”—An English operative would hardly have given such an answer. A gentleman once expressed his surprise that, in so rich a literary country as England, the Muses should not attain their due honours.—“ Impossible!” cried a whist-playing old lady—“ They are nine, and of course cannot reckon honours.”

MUSIC.—“ Music, like man himself, derives all its dignity from its subordination to a loftier and more spiritual power. When, divorcing itself from poetry, it first sought to be a principal instead of an accessory, to attach more importance to a sound than to a thought, to supersede sentiment by skill, to become, in short, man's play-fellow, rather than his assistant teacher, a sensual instead of an intellectual gratification, its corruption, or at least its application to less ennobling purposes, had already

commenced. As the art of music, strictly so called, was more assiduously cultivated, as it became more and more perplexed with complicated intricacies, only understood by a few, and less and less an exponent of the simple feelings and sentiments that are intelligible to all, it may be said to have lost in general utility and value, what it gained in science, and to have been gradually dissolving that union between sound and sense, which imparted to it its chief interest and influence."

So entirely do I agree with the writer from whom the above extract is taken, that I have often rode back after a morning concert, to my residence in the country, that I might enjoy the superior pleasures of natural music. It was upon such an occasion, while strolling in the fields, that my thoughts involuntarily arranged themselves, as the novelists say, into the following stanzas :—

I.

There's a charm and zest when the singer thrills
The throbbing breast with his dulcet trills,
And a joy more rare than the sweetest air
 Art ever combined,
When the poet enhances,
By beautiful fancies,
The strain, and entrances
 Both ear and mind.
Thy triumph, O music ! is ne'er complete,
Till the pleasures of sense and of intellect meet.

II.

Delights like these, to the poor unknown,
 Are reserved for the rich and great alone,
 In diamonds and plumes, who fill the rooms
 Of some grand abode,
 And think that a guinea,
 To hear Paganini
 Or warbling Rubini,
 Is well bestow'd ;
 Since then, only then, they the pleasures share
 Of science, voice, instrument—equally rare.

III.

But the peasant at home, in gratuitous boon,
 Has an opera dome and orchestral saloon,
 With melody gay from the peep of day
 Until evening dim :
 Whenever frequented,
 With flowers it is scented,
 Its scenes all invented
 And painted by Him,
 Who suspended its blazing lamps on high,
 And its ceiling formed of the azure sky.

IV.

Oh ! what can compare with the concert sublime,
 When waters, earth, air, all in symphony chime ?
 The wind, herds, and bees, with the rustle of trees,
 Varied music prolong ;
 On the spray as it swingeth,
 Each bird sweetly singeth,
 The sky-lark down flingeth
 A torrent of song,—
 Till the transports of music, devotion, and love,
 Waft the rapturous soul to the regions above.

MUSICIANS—Machines for producing sounds ;
 human instruments, generally so completely absorbed

by their own art, that they are either ignorant of all others, or undervalue them. In a company at Vienna, where the conversation was nearly engrossed by the praises of Göethe, Catalani exclaimed, with great *naïveté*, “Who is this Göethe?—I have never heard any of his music!” A poor German composer being introduced to Mozart, whom he considered the greatest man in the world, was so overcome with awe, that he dared not lift his eyes from the ground, but remained, for some time, stammering—“Ah, Imperial Majesty! Ah, Imperial Majesty!” In the same spirit Cafarielli, when told that Farinelli had been made a sort of Prime Minister in Spain, replied—“No man deserves it better, for his voice is absolutely unrivalled.”

MYSTERY.—To him who has been sated and disappointed by the actual and the intelligible, there is a profound charm in the unattainable and the inscrutable. Infants stretch out their hands for the moon; children delight in puzzles and riddles, even when they cannot discover their solution; and the children of a larger growth desire no better employment than to follow their example, however it may lead them astray. The mystery of the Egyptian hieroglyphics was a frequent source of idolatry; the type being taken for the prototype, until leeks and onions received the homage originally meant for their

divine Giver. The attractive mystery of Irving's unknown tongues has engendered a fanaticism, at which we need the less wonder, if we remember the confession of the pious Baxter, that, in order to awaken an interest in his congregation, he made it a rule, in every sermon, to say something that was above their capacity.

There is a glorious epoch of our existence, wherein the comprehensible appears common and insipid, and in abandoning ourselves to the enthusiasm of imagination, we attain a middle state between despair and deification;—a beatific ecstacy, when the spirit longs to fly upward—when the finite yearns for the infinite, the limited in intellect for the omniscient, the helpless for the omnipotent, the real for the impossible. Thus to flutter above the world, on the extended wings of fancy, is to be half a deity. And yet the forward-springing and ardent mind, which, running a-head of its contemporaries, stands upon the forehead of the age to come, only renders itself the more conspicuous mark for obloquy and assault. Like a Shrovetide cock, tethered to the earth, it can but partially raise itself, when it again sinks down, amid the sticks and stones of its cruel persecutors.

NAMES.—The character of different æras may, to a certain extent, be discovered by the various ways in which our ambitious nobility, and others, have endea-

voured to achieve an enduring celebrity. When chivalry was the rage, they gave their names to new inventions in arms and armour:—now-a-days, they court notoriety by standing godfathers to some new fashion in clothes and cookery, and eclipsing all competitors in their coats, cabs, and castors. A ducal Campbell, whose ancestors were always spilling hot blood, endeavours to win celebrity in another way, by inventing an Argyle for preserving hot gravy;—a Sandwich embalms his name between two slices of bread and ham;—a Pembroke immortalises himself in a table;—a Skelmersdale goes down to future ages, like an Egyptian divinity, in a chair;—a Standish, surpassing the bottle conjuror, creeps into an inkstand, by which means “he still keeps his memory BLACK in our souls;”—a Stanhope expects to be wheeled down to posterity, by harnessing his name to a gig of a peculiar construction;—a Petersham, hitting upon the easiest device by which he could prove to after ages that he wore a head, gives his title to a hat. Another nobleman, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, one who was said to have driven all the tailors into the suburbs, by compelling them to live on the skirts of the town, wraps up his name in the mummy-cloth of a Spencer, and secures a long-enduring fame by inventing a short coat.

It is not generally known, that names may be affected, and even completely changed, by the state of

the weather. Such, however, is, unquestionably, the case. The late Mr. Suet, the actor, going once to dine about twenty miles from London, and being only able to get an outside place on the coach, arrived in such a bedraggled state, from an incessant rain, and so muffled up in great coats and pocket-handkerchiefs, that his friend inquired, doubtfully—"Are you *Suet*?"—"No!" replied the wag—"I'm *dripping!*"

Contracting a name sometimes lengthens the idea. Kean mentions an actor of the name of Lancaster, whom his comrades usually called Lanky, for shortness.

NEGRO—A human being treated as a brute, because he is black, by inhuman beings, and greater brutes, who happen to be white. The Ethiopians paint the devil white; and they have much better reason for making him look like an European, than we have for giving him an African complexion.

NOBLEMAN—One who is indebted to his ancestors for a name and an estate, and sometimes to himself, for being unworthy of both. It was said of an accomplished and amiable Earl, who was weak enough to be always boasting his title and his birth—"What a pity he is a nobleman; he really deserves to have been born a commoner."

NON-RESIDENCE and PLURALITIES—

The best securities for an effectual Church Reform. “These scandalous practices,” says Bishop Burnet, “are sheltered among us by many colours of law; whereas the Church of Rome, from whence we had these and many other abuses, has freed herself from this under which we labour, to our great and just reproach. This is so shameful a profanation of holy things, that it ought to be treated with detestation and horror. Do such men think on the vows they made at their ordination, on the rules in the Scriptures, or on the nature of their functions, or that it is a cure of souls? How long, how long shall this be the peculiar disgrace of our Church, which, for aught I know, is the only Church in the world that tolerates it?”—*Hist. of his own Times*, p. 646.

When, by an official return to Parliament, the great extent of these scandalous abuses was first made known to Lord Harrowby, “it struck me,” says he, “with surprise—I could almost say with horror.” Alas! when temporal peers are horror-struck by the scandals that are tolerated and practised by their spiritual teachers!

Many ecclesiastics, particularly from Ireland, whose influence or command of money has procured them a handsome tithe income, and who are leading idle and luxurious lives, at places of fashionable resort, either in England or upon the Continent, without ever dreaming of their flock, except as to

the best mode of fleecing them, boast, nevertheless, of being staunch supporters of the Church. Verily, it must be as its buttresses, rather than its pillars, since they are never seen inside the sacred building. The Rev. Dr. ENGLAND, of H——, as one of his parishioners very logically remarked, is the only divine who has a valid excuse for non-residence, and always employing curates, since we have the authority of Lord Nelson for asserting, that “ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty.”

It is related of Philip of Narni, that he once preached a sermon upon non-residence, before Pope Gregory XV., which had the effect of driving thirty Bishops to their respective dioceses the day after. Alas! we have few preachers and no bishops of this stamp in Protestant England.

NONSENSE—Sense that happens to differ from our own, supposing that we have any. If matter and mind, blending together in two incoherent substances, form the connecting link that separates physics from metaphysics, the real from the imaginary, and the visible from the unapparent, it follows as a precursive corollary, that the learned comments of the scholiasts, the dogmas of theologians, and the elaborate treatises of the Byzantine historians, can never be recognized as evidences of a foregone conclusion. Statistics and algebra, as well

as logic and analogy, equally rebut the inference that in a case of so complicated a nature, the deposition of a mere functionary can be received as the spontaneous evidence of a compulsory principal. Cases may doubtless arise, where legal deductions, drawn from federal rather than from feudal institutes, will vary the superstructure upon which the whole theory was based ; but in the present instance, such objections must be deemed rather captious than analytical. On the whole it is presumed that the reader, who has carefully perused and reconsidered our arguments, will be at little loss to understand the nature of the word, of which we have written this clear and explanatory definition. Should he, however, not be satisfied, he is referred to Voltaire's *Galimathias*, beginning “ *Un jour qu'il faisoit nuit*,” &c.

NON SEQUITUR—A grammatical Adam, being a relative without an ante-cedent :—something that is *apropos* to nothing, and comes after without following from. Of this figure there are various sorts ; but the most common form is putting the cart before the horse, or taking the effect for the cause. The industrious, prudent, and enlightened people of this country have thriven and grown great and rich, not always in consequence of good, but in spite of bad government. Their native shrewdness and energy have enabled them to triumph over impediments,

political, fiscal, and commercial, which would have completely crushed a less active and enterprising nation. When, therefore, they are desired to reverence the mis-governed and the unreformed institutions, to which alone they are told to consider themselves indebted for all the advantages they enjoy, one cannot help recalling the *non sequitur* of the Carmelite Friar, who instanced as a striking proof of the superintendance and goodness of Providence, that it almost invariably made a river run completely through the middle of every large city. Somewhat akin to this instance of *naïveté* was the reply of the Birmingham boy, who being asked whether some shillings, which he tendered at a shop, were good, answered with great simplicity, "Ay, that they be, for I seed father make 'em all this morning."

NOVELTY—What we recover from oblivion. We can fish little out of the river Lethe that has not first been thrown into it. The world of discovery goes round without advancing, like a squirrel in its cage, and the revolution of one century differs but little from that of its predecessor. New performers mount the stage, but the pieces and its accompaniments remain pretty much the same. Trumpets and taxes are the characteristics of the present æra. No security without immense standing armies, no

armies without pay, no pay without taxes. It is a grievance which we cannot avoid, and of which, therefore, it were as well to say nothing; but if Tacitus is not silent on the subject, who *can* be? “*Neque quies gentium,*” says that historian, “*sine armis, neque arma sine stipendiis, neque stipendia sine tributis haberi queunt.*”

In the two extremes of life we have the most acute sense of novelty. To the boy all is new: to the old man, when this world no longer offers variety or change, is presented the most stimulating of all novelties—the contemplation of a new existence.

Shakspeare “exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;” but this is a privilege conceded to none but the chosen sons of genius. Common writers can only become original, when they have exhausted nature, by becoming unnatural. Like a mountebank at a fair, they surprise our attention by their extravagance, but they cannot keep it. We shrug our shoulders, and forget them. Many are the writers, nevertheless, who prefer a momentary fool’s cap to a distant laurel.

NOVEMBER—The period at which most Englishmen take leave of the sun for nine months, and not a few of them for ever. A demure Scottish lady having been introduced to the Persian ambassador when in London, exclaimed with an incredulous air,

“ Is it possible that ye are such idolators in Persia as to worship the sun?” “ Yes, madam,” was the reply, “ and so you would in England, if you ever saw him.”

OATH—Legal. Making the awful and infinite Deity a party to all the trivial and vulgar impertinences of human life: an act of profanation equally required from a churchwarden and an archbishop, from a petty constable and the chief justice of England. “ Let the law,” says Paley, “ continue its own functions, if they be thought requisite; but let it spare the solemnity of an oath, and, where it is necessary, from the want of something better to depend upon, to accept a man’s word or own account, let it annex to prevarication penalties proportionable to the public consequence of the offence.”

Where they are made a test of religious belief, for the purpose of excluding any class of our fellow-subjects from their civil rights, oaths, being equally opposed to Christianity, policy, and justice, ought to be totally and finally abolished. He who first devised the oath of abjuration, profligately boasted that he had framed a test which should “ damn one half of the nation, and starve the other;”—a vaunt well worth the consideration of those who have placed themselves within the first clause of his prophecy.

To the utterance of oaths, as execrations, a practice

equally hateful for its blasphemy and vulgarity, there seems to be little other inducement than its gratuitous sinfulness, since it communicates no pleasure, and removes no uneasiness, neither elevates the speaker, nor depresses the hearer. "Go," said Prince Henry, the son of James I., when one of his courtiers swore bitterly at being disappointed of a tennis match—"Go ! all the pleasures of earth are not worth a single oath."

OBEDIENCE—MILITARY—Must be implicit and unreasoning. "Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the directions he had received, "I did not ask your opinion, I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed." It might have been difficult, however, to yield a literal obedience to the adjutant of a volunteer corps, who, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out—"All you that are without arms will please to hold up your hands."

ODOURS—Bad—the silent voice of nature, made audible by the nose. The worst may, in some degree, be sweetened to our sense, by a recollection of the important part they perform in the economy of the world. Those emitted by dead animals, attract birds and beasts of prey from an almost incredible distance,

who not only soon remove the nuisance, but convert it into new life, beauty, and enjoyment. Should no such resource be at hand, as is often the case in inhabited countries, the pernicious effluvia disengaged from these decaying substances, occasion them to be quickly buried in the ground, where their organised forms are resolved into chemical constituents, and they are fitted to become the food of vegetables. The noxious gas is converted into the aroma of the flower, and that which threatened to poison the air, affords nourishment and delight to man and beast. Animals are thus converted into plants, and plants again become animals;—change of form and not extinction—or, rather, destruction for the sake of reproduction, being the system of nature. Pulverized human bones are now largely imported into England for manure, and the corn thus raised will again be eventually reconverted into human bones.

OLD AGE—need not necessarily be felt in the mind, as in the body; time's current may wear wrinkles in the face that shall not reach the heart: there is no inevitable decrepitude or senility of the spirit, when its tegument feels the touches of decay. We sometimes talk of men falling into their second childhood, when we should rather say that they have never emerged from their first, but have always been in an intellectual nonage. Vigorous minds very

rarely sink into imbecility, even in extreme age. Time seems rather to drag them backwards, to their youth, than forwards towards senility. Like the Glastonbury thorn, they flower in the Christmas of their days. Hear how beautifully the venerable Goethe, in the Dedication to the first part of *Faust*, abandons himself to this Palingenesia.

“ Ye approach again, ye shadowy shapes, which once, in the morning of life, presented yourselves to my troubled view ! Shall I try, this time, to hold you fast ? Do I feel my heart still inclined towards that delusion ? Ye press forward ! well then, ye may hold dominion over me as ye arise around out of vapour and mist. My bosom feels youthfully agitated by the magic breath which atmospheres your train.

“ Ye bring with you the images of happy days, and many loved shades arise ; like to an old, half-expired tradition, rises First-love with Friendship in their company. The pang is renewed ; the plaint repeats the labyrinthine, mazy course of life, and names the dear ones who, cheated of fair hours by fortune, have vanished away before me.

“ They hear not the following lays—the souls to whom I sang the first. Dispersed is the friendly throng—the first echo, alas, has died away ! My sorrow voices itself to the stranger many : their very applause makes my heart sick ; and all that in other

days rejoiced in my song—if still living, strays scattered through the world.

“And a yearning, long unfeet, for that quiet, pensive, Spirit-realm seizes me. ’Tis hovering even now, in half-formed tones, my lisping lay, like the *Æolian* harp. A tremor seizes me: tear follows tear; the austere heart feels itself growing mild and soft. What I have, I see as in the distance; and what is gone, becomes a reality to me.”

What a cordial is this apocalypse of youth to all “grave and reverend seniors!”—Why should any of us doubt that the mind may be progressive, even when the body loses ground? If we are wiser to-day than yesterday, what is to prevent our being wiser to-morrow than to-day?—Women rarely die during pregnancy; and while the mind can be made to conceive and bear children, we may be assured that nature means to preserve its full vitality and power.

Privation of friends by death, is the greatest trial of old age; for, though new ones may succeed to their places, they cannot replace them. For this, however, as for all other sorrows, there is a consolation. When we are left behind, and feel as exiles upon earth, we are reconciled to the idea of quitting it, and yearn for that future home, where we shall be united to our predecessors, and whither our survivors will follow us.

Old age is still comparative, and one man may be younger at eighty, than another at forty. “Ah! madam!” exclaimed the patriarch Fontenelle, when talking to a young and beautiful woman—“if I were but fourscore again!”

How powerful is sympathy! The mere mention of this anecdote has sent me courting to the muse, and has thrown into verse what I had intended further to say on the subject of

OLD AGE.

Yes, I am old ;—my strength declines,
And wrinkles tell the touch of time,
Yet might I fancy these the signs
Not of decay, but manhood’s prime ;
For all within is young and glowing,
Spite of old age’s outward showing.

Yes, I am old ;—the ball, the song,
The turf, the gun, no more allure ;
I shun the gay and gilded throng :
Yet, ah! how far more sweet and pure
Home’s tranquil joys, and mental treasures,
Than dissipation’s proudest pleasures !

Yes, I am old ;—Ambition’s call,—
Fame, wealth, distinction’s keen pursuit,
That once could charm and cheat me—all
Are now detected, passive, mute.
Thank God! the passions and their riot
Are barter’d for content and quiet.

Yes, I am old ;—but as I press
The vale of years with willing feet,
Still do I find life’s sorrows less,
And all its hallow’d joys more sweet ;
Since time, for every rose he snatches,
Takes fifty thorns, with all their scratches.

My wife—God bless her ! is as dear
As when I plighted first my truth ;
I feel, in every child's career,
The joys of renovated youth :
And as to Nature—I behold her
With fresh delight as I grow older.

Yes, I am old ;—and death hath ta'en
Full many a friend, to memory dear ;
Yet, when I die, 'twill soothe the pain
Of quitting my survivors here,
To think how all will be delighted,
When in the skies again united !

Yes, I am old ;—experience now,
That best of guides, hath made me sage,
And thus instructed, I avow
My firm conviction, that old age,
Of all our various terms of living,
Deserves the warmest, best thanksgiving !

“OLD MEN”—says Rochefoucauld, “like to give good advice, as a consolation for being no longer in a condition to give a bad example. May we not turn the dictum of the writer against himself, and infer that he gave us all his bad advice from a contrary feeling?—Well may the portrait be dark, when the misanthrope draws from himself!”

OMEN — The imaginary language of heaven speaking by signs. An oracle is the same, speaking by human tongues, but both have now become dumb. If we wish to know who believes in this Latin word, we must get our Latin answer by reading it backwards.

OPINION—A capricious tyrant, to which many a free-born Briton willingly binds himself a slave. Deeming it of much more importance to be valued than valuable;—holding opinion to be worthier than worth, we had rather stand well in the estimation of others, even of those whom we do not esteem, than of ourselves. This is, indeed, the

“ Meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust.”

The greater the importance we attach to our opinions, the greater our intolerance, which is wrong, even when we are right, and doubly so when we are in error; so that persecution for opinion’s sake, can *never* be justifiable. Our own experience might teach us better, for every man has differed, at various times, from himself, as much as he ever has differed at any one time from others.

Suffering others to think for us, when Heaven has supplied us with reason and a conscience for the express purpose of enabling us to think for ourselves, is the great fountain of all human error. “ There cannot,” says Locke, “ be a more dangerous thing to rely on than the opinion of others, nor more likely to mislead one; since there is much more falsehood and error among men than truth and knowledge; and if the opinions and persuasions of others, whom we know and think well of, be a ground of assent, men have reason to be heathens in Japan, Mahome-

tans in Turkey, Papists in Spain, Protestants in England, and Lutherans in Sweden¹."

Were a whole nation to start upon a new career of education, with mature faculties, and minds free from prepossessions or prejudices, how much would be quickly abandoned that is now most stubbornly cherished! If we have many opinions, in our present state, that have once been proscribed, it is presumable that we cling to many more which future generations will discard. The world is yet in its boyhood—perhaps in its infancy; and our fancied wisdom is but the babble of the nursery. However quickly we may take up an error, we abandon it slowly. As a man often feels a pain in the leg that has been long amputated, so does he frequently yearn towards an opinion after it has been cut off from his mind,—so true is it that

"He that's convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

So wedded are some people to their own notions, that they will not have any persons for friends, or even for servants, who do not entertain similar views. Lord L—— makes a point of strictly cross-questioning his domestics, as to their religious and political faith, before he engages them. While residing on his Irish estates, a groom presented himself to be

¹ *On the Human Understanding*, I. iv. c. xv.

hired, resolving, beforehand, not to compromise himself by any inconsiderate replies.—“What are your opinions?” was the peer’s first demand.—“Indeed, then, your lordship’s honour! I have just none at all at all.”—“Not any! nonsense!—you must have some, and I insist upon knowing them.”—“Why, then, your honour’s glory, they are for all the world just the same as your lordship’s.”—“Then you can have no objection to state them, and to confess frankly what is your way of thinking.”—“Och! and is it my way of thinking you mane by my opinions?—Why, then, I am exactly the same way of thinking as Pat Sullivan, your honour’s gamekeeper, for, says he to me, as I was coming up stairs, Murphy, says he, I’m thinking you’ll never be paying me the two-and-twenty shillings I lent you, last Christmas was a twelvemonth.—Faith! says I, Pat Sullivan! I’m quite of your way of thinking.”

OPTIMISM—A devout conviction that, under the government of a benevolent and all-powerful God, everything conduces ultimately to the best in the world he has created, and that mankind, the constant objects of his paternal care, are in a perpetual state of improvement, and increased happiness. This is a great and consoling principle, the summary of all religion and all philosophy, the reconciler of all misgivings, the source of all comfort and consolation. To believe

in it, is to realize its truth, so far as we are individually concerned ; and indeed it will mainly depend upon ourselves, whether or not everything shall be for the best. Let us cling to the moral of Parnell's hermit, rather than suffer our confidence in the divine goodness to be staggered by the farcical exaggerations of Voltaire's Candide. If the theory of the former be a delusion, it is, at least, a delightful one ; and, for my own part—“ *malim cum Platone errare, quam cum aliis recte sentire*”—where the error is of so consolatory and elevating a description.

An optimist may be wrong, but presumption and religion are in his favour ; nor can we positively pronounce anything to be for final evil, until the end of all things has arrived, and the whole scheme of creation is revealed to us. “ Does not every architect complain of the injustice of criticising a building before it is half finished ?—Yet, who can tell what volume of the creation we are in at present, or what point the structure of our moral fabric has attained ?—Whilst we are all in a vessel that is sailing under sealed orders, we shall do well to confide implicitly in our government and Captain !.”

ORDINATION—Investing a man with ecclesiastical authority, that he may point out the way to the other world, and surrounding him, at the same time,

¹ Ed. Review, L. 309.

if he be an Episcopalian, with all the temptations of this world, in order that his preaching and his practice may differ as widely as possible.

Every man, upon taking deacon's orders, is admonished that "the deacons must be grave, *not given to filthy lucre.*" He solemnly declares his belief, that he is "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon him the office and ministration," and that he is "truly called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ." He undertakes the duty of "searching for the sick, poor, and impotent people of the parish, that they may be relieved with the alms of the parishioners or others." And yet how many are there (we speak chiefly of the clerical absentees of Ireland) who, merely contemplating the Church as a worldly corporation, not differing from others, except in its superior opulence, privileges, and endowments, enter upon that most sacred and august stage as an arena whereon they are to struggle for fat livings, golden stalls, rich prebends and deaneries, and opulent bishoprics ! What are the speculative doubts of philosophers, compared to the practical unbelief and unchristianity of such examples ?

Modern times furnish few imitators of the celebrated Robert Boyle, who, being pressed by Lord Clarendon to enter into orders, with an almost certainty of obtaining distinctions in the Church, declined the offer—"not feeling within himself," as he assured Bishop Burnet, "any motion or tendency of mind

which he could safely esteem a call from the Holy Ghost, and so not venturing to take holy orders, lest he should be found to have lied unto it." The resolution of this illustrious philosopher was a happy one for the world, and perhaps for himself.

ORIGINALITY — Unconscious or undetected imitation. Even Seneca complains, that the ancients had compelled him to borrow from them what they would have taken from him, had he been lucky enough to have preceded them. "Every one of my writings," says Goethe, in the same candid spirit, "has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things: the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn, generally without having the least suspicion of it, to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience: often have they sowed the harvest I have reaped. My work is that of an aggregation of human beings, taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe."

It is in the power of any writer to be original, by deserting nature, and seeking the quaint and the fantastical; but literary monsters, like all others, are generally short-lived. "When I was a young man," says Goldsmith, "being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions; but I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what

was new was false." Strictly speaking, we may be original without being new: our thoughts may be our own, and yet common-place.

ORTHODOXY—Says a reverend writer, will cover a multitude of sins, but a cloud of virtues cannot cover the want of the minutest particle of orthodoxy:—whatever you do, be orthodox. Nevertheless, it might be easily shown, that all Christian churches have suffered more by their zeal for orthodoxy, and by the violent methods taken to promote it, than from the utmost efforts of their greatest enemies.

P s and Q s.—The origin of the phrase "Mind your P s and Q s," is not generally known. In ale-houses, where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbour on the shoulder, when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have exclaimed, as he pointed to the score—"Giles ! Giles ! mind your P s and Q s."

When Toby, the learned pig, was in the zenith of his popularity, a theatrical wag, who attended the performance, maliciously set before him some peas; a

temptation which the animal could not resist, and which immediately occasioned him to lose his *cue*. The pig exhibiter remonstrated with the author of the mischief on the unfairness of what he had done, when he replied, that his only wish was, to see whether Toby knew his P's from his Q's.

PANACEA—Advertised.—*See* Poison. There would be little comfort for the sick, either in body or mind, were there any truth in the averment, that philosophy, like medicine, has plenty of drugs and quack medicines, but few remedies, and hardly any specifics. So far from admitting this discouraging statement, a panacea may be prescribed, which, under ordinary circumstances, will generally prevent, and rarely fail to alleviate, most of the evils that flesh is heir to. The following are the simple ingredients:—occupation for the mind, exercise for the body, temperance and virtue for the sake of both. This is the *magnum arcanum* of health and happiness. Half of our illness and misery arises from the perversion of that reason which was given to us as a protection against both. We are led astray by our guide, and poisoned by our physician.

PARENT.—It may be doubted, whether a man can fully appreciate the mysterious properties, and the thought-elevating dignity of his nature, until, by becoming a parent, he feels himself to be a creator as

well as a creature. The childless man passes through life like an arrow through the air, leaving nothing behind that may mark his flight. A tombstone, stating that they were born and died, is the sole brief evidence of existence, which the mass of bachelors can transmit to the succeeding generation. But the father feels that he belongs to the future, as well as the present; he has, perhaps, become a permanent part and parcel of this majestic world "till the great globe dissolve;" for his descendants may not impossibly make discoveries, or effect reforms, that shall influence the destiny of the whole human race, and thus immortalize their name. These may be baseless dreams, fond and doting reveries, but, like all the aspirations connected with our offspring, they serve to soothe and meliorate the heart, while they send the delighted spirit into the future, wreathed with laurels, and mounted upon a triumphal car of glorious hopes.

PARTRIDGE—A bird to which the Squirearchy are so strangely attached, that they will shoot, trap, and transport their fellow-creatures for the pleasure of destroying it themselves.

PARTY-SPIRIT—A species of mental vitriol, which we bottle up in our bosoms, that we may squirt it against others; but which, in the meantime, irritates, corrodes, and poisons our own hearts. Personality and

invective are not only proofs of a bad argument, but of a bad arguer; for politeness is perfectly compatible with wit and logic, while it enhances the triumph of both. By an union of courtesy and talent, an adversary may be made to grace his own defeat, as the sandal tree perfumes the hatchet that cuts it down. Cæsar's soldiers fought none the worse for being scented with unguents, nor will any combatant be weakened by moral suavity. The bitterness of political pamphlets, and newspaper writing, so far from acting as a tonic, debilitates and dishonours them. A furious pamphleteer, on being reproached with his unsparing acrimony, exclaimed, "Burke, and Curran, and Grattan, have written thus, as well as I."—"Ay," said his friend, "but have you written thus *as well* as they?" Political writers and orators must not mistake the rage, the mouthing, and the contortions of the Sybil for her inspiration.

PASSIONS.—Were it not for the salutary agitation of the passions, the waters of life would become dull, stagnant, and as unfit for all vital purposes as those of the Dead Sea. It should be equally our object to guard against those tempests and overflowings which may entail mischief, either upon ourselves or others; and to avoid that drowsy calm, of which the sluggishness and *inertia* are inevitably hostile to the health and spirits. In the voyage of life, we should

imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance. Happy the man, the tide of whose passions, like that of the great ocean, is regulated by a light from above !

St. Evremond compares the passions to runaway horses, which you must tame by letting them have their run ; a perilous experiment, in which the rider may break his neck. Much better to restrain and conquer them before they get head ; for if they do not obey, they will be sure to command, you.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE—succeeding to that doctrine of passive obedience, which was once so strenuously inculcated, promises to be not less efficient as a public weapon, than the helplessness of woman is often found to be in private life. This formidable, though negative power, may be compared to a snow-ball,—the more you push against it, the greater it becomes ; it continues giving way before you, until it finally comes to a stand still, conquers your strength, and defies your utmost efforts to move it. The quakers were the first to discover this important secret ;—the Catholic tithe-payers of Ireland are now acting upon it ;—the English dissenters are betaking themselves to it in the question of Church-rates ;—and it threatens to be the common resort of the whole people, wherever there is a grievance to be redressed, for which they

are compelled to take the remedy into their own hands.

PATRIOTISM—Too often the hatred of other countries disguised as the love of our own; a fanaticism injurious to the character, and fatal to the repose of mankind. In the subjects of small states, it is more especially odious, for they must hate nearly the whole of their fellow-creatures. Were the world under the domination of one monarch, patriotism would be a virtue. Let us view it as under the government of one celestial king; let us consider the children of our common Father, whatever be their creed or country, as our brethren, and the narrow feeling of patriotism will soon expand into the nobler and more exalted principle of an all-embracing humanism. Most delightful is it to contemplate the friendly intercourse now in active operation between the people of different countries, and more especially between those of France and England. There is rapidly springing up a holy alliance of nations, not of kings, and an European public opinion, from which the philanthropist may confidently anticipate the controlling of governments, the diminished frequency of wars, the improvement of the human race, and the completion of what a benevolent Providence has designed for the destiny of man.

Public opinion, when it has once ascertained its own power, will direct, while it seems to obey; as a vessel,

while it appears to be governed by the elements, is, in fact, compelling them to conduct her into the desired port.

PEN—The silent mouthpiece of the mind, which gives ubiquity and permanence to the evanescent thought of a moment.

PERSECUTION—Disobeying the most solemn injunctions of Christianity, under the sham plea of upholding it. How admirable the humility of the spiritual persecutor, when he kindly condescends to patronise the Deity, to assist Omniscience with his counsels, and lend a helping hand to Omnipotence ! In such an attempt, the failure is generally as signal as the folly, the cruelty, and the impiety ; for martyrs, like certain plants, spring up more stubbornly, the more you endeavour to crush and trample them down. The rebound is always proportioned to the percussion, the recoil to the discharge. To conquer fanaticism, you must tolerate it: the shuttlecock of religious difference soon falls to the ground, when there are no battledores to beat it backwards and forwards.

Power should never be given to any class, as religionists; for morality, and even humanity, are but sorry securities against the promptings of that heartless monster, bigotry. Hence the danger of what is called an established religion, or, in other words, of a religion

wielding the sword of the civil magistrate—the source of persecution in all creeds, and all ages. “It was the state religion of Rome that persecuted the first Christians.”—“Who was it that crucified the Saviour of the world for attempting to reform the religion of his country? The Jewish priesthood.—Who was it that drowned the altars of their idols with the blood of Christians, for attempting to abolish Paganism? The Pagan priesthood.—Who was it that persecuted to flames and death those who, in the time of Wickliffe and his followers, laboured to reform the errors of Popery? The Popish priesthood.—Who was it, and who is it, that both in England and in Ireland, since the reformation—but I check my hand, being unwilling to reflect upon the dead, or to exasperate the living¹? ”

“It was the state religion in this country that persecuted the Protestants; and since Protestantism has been established, it is the state religion which has persecuted Protestant dissenters. Is this the fault principally of the faith of these Churches, or of their alliance with the State? No man can be in doubt for an answer²? ”

The clergy, indeed, are apt to tell us, that they require no further favour for their doctrines and discipline, than a fair and impartial inquiry; and this is perfectly true, so long as they are satisfied with the

¹ *Miscellaneous Tracts, by the Bishop of Llandaff, vol. ii.*

² *Dymond's “Church and the Clergy.”*

results of the inquiry ; but should the contrary be the case, the luckless investigator is liable to be refuted by the Canon Law, and the irresistible arguments of fine, pillory, and imprisonment. This is freedom of inquiry with a vengeance !

PESSIMISTS—Moral squinters, who, being incapable of a straightforward view, “imagine that penetration is evinced by universal suspicion and mistrust ; who hope, perhaps, to exalt themselves by degrading others ; who discredit every thing that is noble, believe all that is base ; who would persuade their hearers, that the pure wholesome temple of moral beauty and virtue, is a lazarus-house of noisome corruption and festering abomination. A more false and pestilent treason against human nature, a more impious profanation of the divinity of goodness that is within us, a more self-condemning calumny upon the world, it is not easy to conceive ; and yet, upon this paltry, mischievous basis, have weak-headed and bad-hearted men, in all ages, not only contrived to obtain a reputation for shrewdness and sagacity, but sometimes have been enabled to distress, with painful misgivings, those nobler spirits, who would wish to sympathise with fellow-creatures, in the fulness of love and charity, and to believe themselves surrounded with congenial hearts and kindred souls.”

PHILANTHROPY — Was not ill-defined by Cicero, when he says, alluding to the purposes of man's creation—“*Ad tuendos conservandosque homines, hominem natum esse. Homines hominum causâ sunt generati, ut ipsi inter se alii aliis prodesse possint. Hominem, naturæ obedientem, homini nocere non posse.*”

Why was man made with wide-spreading arms, except, as Dryden beautifully supposes—

“ To satisfy a wide embrace ?”

The only way we can evince our gratitude to our great Creator and Benefactor, for all that he has given us, is to be as useful as we can to his creatures, and “ to love our neighbour as ourselves.”

“ I fear,” said a country curate to his flock—“ when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that Philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contributions, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake.”

PHYSICIANS—Always cherish a sneaking kindness for cooks, as more certain and regular purveyors of patients than plague and pestilence; and there is this advantage in their advice, that no two of them agree, so that the taste of an invalid may always be

accommodated. "Are you out of sorts," says Montaigne, "that your physician has denied you the enjoyment of wine, and of your favourite dishes?—Be not uneasy; apply to me, and I engage to find you one of equal credit, who shall put you under a regimen perfectly opposite to that settled by your own adviser."

Blunt, and even rude, as he sometimes was, our countryman, Abernethy, would not have hazarded so unfeeling a speech as is recorded of Andrea Baccio, the celebrated Florentine physician. Being called on to attend a woman of quality, he felt her pulse, and asked her how old she was.—She told him, "about four score."—"And how long *would* you live?" demanded the surly practitioner, quitting her hand, and making the best of his way out of the house.

Physicians may well smile at the many jokes and malicious pleasantries of which they are the butt, for they must share the consciousness of their patients, that there is no greater benefactor to his species than the successful practitioner. No wonder that such men received divine honours in the olden times, since they seem to approximate to the attributes of the gods.—"*Neque enim ullâ aliâ re homines proprius ad Deos accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.*"

PHYSIOGNOMY — Reading the hand-writing of nature upon the human countenance. If a man's

face, as it is pretended, be like that of a watch, which reveals without, what it conceals within, silence itself is no security for our thoughts, for a dial tells the hour as well as a clock. If, in addition to this self-betrayal, the suggestion of Momus could be realized, and a window be placed in our bosoms, so that “he who runs may read,” the best of us might well change colour, for many a heart would look black when it was *read*.

PIC-NIC — The most unpleasant of all parties of pleasure.

If sick of home and luxuries,
 You want a new sensation,
 And sigh for the unwonted ease
 Of unaccommodation,—
 If you would taste, as amateur,
 And vagabond beginner,
 The painful pleasures of the poor,
 Get up a Pic-nic dinner.

Presto ! 'tis done—away you start,
 All frolic, fun, and laughter,
 The servants and provision cart
 As gaily trotting after.
 The spot is reach'd, when all exclaim
 With many a joyous antic,
 “ How sweet a scene !—I'm glad we came !
 How rural—how romantic !”

Pity the night was wet !—but what
 Care gipsies and carousers ?
 So down upon the swamp you squat
 In porous Nankeen trowsers.—

Stick to what sticks to you—your seat,
 For thistles round you huddle,
 While nettles threaten legs and feet,
 If shifted from a puddle.

Half starved with hunger—parch'd with thirst,
 All haste to spread the dishes,
 When lo ! 'tis found, the ale has burst
 Amid the loaves and fishes.
 Over the pie, a sodden sop,
 The grasshoppers are skipping,
 Each roll's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
 And all the meat is dripping.—

Bristling with broken glass, you find
 Some cakes among the bottles,
 Which those may eat who do not mind
 Excoriated throttles.
 The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
 When squalling voices utter,
 " Look ! look ! a toad has got astride
 Our only pat of butter !"

Your solids in a liquid state,
 Your cooling liquids heated,
 And every promised joy by fate
 Most fatally defeated ;
 All, save the serving men are sour'd,
They smirk, the cunning sinners !
 Having, before they came, devoured
 Most comfortable dinners.

Still you assume, in very spite,
 A grim and gloomy gladness,
 Pretend to laugh—affect delight—
 And scorn all show of sadness.—
 While thus you smile, but storm within,
 A storm without comes faster,
 And down descends in deaf'ning din
 A deluge of disaster.

*'Tis sauve qui peut ;—the fruit dessert
Is fruitlessly deserted,
And homeward now you all revert,
Dull, desolate, and dirtied,
Each gruffy grumbling, as he eyes
His soaked and sullen brother,
" If these are Pic-nic pleasantries,
Preserve me from another!"*

“ PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.”—The hero of this popular and pious allegory, as has been justly observed by Mr. Dunlop, in his “ History of Fiction,”—“ is a mere negative character, without one good quality to recommend him. There is little or no display of charity, beneficence, or even benevolence, during the whole course of his pilgrimage. The sentiments of CHRISTIAN are narrow and illiberal, and his struggles and exertions wholly selfish.”

In proof of the latter part of this imputation, mark with what a heartless indifference to every thing but himself, he abandons his wife and family.—“ Now he had not run far from his own home, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return, but the man put two fingers into his ears, and ran on, crying Life! Life! Eternal Life! So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.”

So uniform are the results of fanaticism, even when engendered by different views of religion, that a precisely similar trait is related of the Catholic, St.

Francis Xavier. "It is well," says Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his general character, as given by Dryden, "that our admiration is qualified by narrations so shocking to humanity, as the account of the Saint passing by the house of his ancestors, the abode of his aged mother, on his road to leave Europe for ever, and conceiving he did God good service in denying himself the melancholy consolation of a last farewell."—*Life of Dryden*, p. 338.

PLAGIARISTS—Purloiners, who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket.

PLEASING ALL PARTIES.—This hopeless attempt usually ends by pleasing none, for timeservers neither serve themselves nor any one else. As the endeavour involves a contemptible compromise of principle, it is generally despised by the very parties whom we seek to conciliate. What opinion can we have of a man who has no opinion of his own?—A neutral, we can understand and respect; but a Janus-faced double-dealer, who affects to belong to both sides, will not be tolerated by either. His fear of giving offence is the greatest of all offences. Of this, a ludicrous instance was afforded at the time of the riots, in 1780, when every one was obliged to chalk "No Popery" upon the wall of his house, in order

✓ to protect it from violence.—Delpini, the clown, particularly anxious to win “golden opinions from all sorts of men,” since his benefit was close at hand, scrawled upon his house, in large letters—“ No Religion.”

PLEASURES.—*See* Will-o'-the-wisp. Some, like the horizon, recede perpetually as we advance towards them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught. Pleasure unattained, is the hare which we hold in chace, cheered on by the ardour of competition, the exhilarating cry of the dogs—the shouts of the hunters—the echo of the horn—the ambition of being in at the death. Pleasure attained, is the same hare hanging up in the sportsman’s larder, worthless, disregarded, despised, dead.

The keenest pleasures of an unlawful nature are poisoned by a lurking self-reproach, ever rising up to hiss at us, like a snake amid the flowers—

“ —— medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit aliquid amari;”

while there is a secret consolation, even in the heaviest calamity, if we feel that it has not been incurred by our own misconduct. Upon this subject the great and golden rule is, so to enjoy present, as that they may not interfere with future pleasures. Burns has happily compared sensual pleasure to

“ Snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white, then gone for ever.”

POETRY—The music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language :—the art of embalming intellectual beauty, a process which threatens to be speedily enrolled, together with the Egyptian method of immortalizing the body, among the sciences which are lost.

The harmony of the works of nature is the visible poetry of the Almighty, emblazoned on the three-leaved book of earth, sea, and sky.

If Hayley could talk, even in *his* days, of—"the cold blank bookseller's rhyme-freezing face," what would he say in ours, when we have seen Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, condemned to an involuntary silence; Moore, the first lyrical writer of the age, "*vir nullâ non donandus lauru*," one whose very soul is poetry, driven to the ungenial toil of Biography; and Southey, not only necessitated to waste his fine poetical talents and kindly feelings in the fierce arena of criticism and politics, but absolutely obliged to consult the public taste, or rather the total want of it, by discontinuing the Laureate odes?

Absurd as it was to expect a rational answer from T. H., I ventured to ask him how it came that all our best poets were obliged to write prose?—"Because poetry is *prose-scribed*," was his reply.

POINT—One good one. So various are the estimates formed of us by our fellow-creatures, that there

never, perhaps, existed an individual, however unpraiseworthy, who was not acknowledged to have *one* good point in his character, though it by no means follows, that this admission is always to be taken as a compliment. A gentleman, travelling on a Sunday, was obliged to stop, in order to replace one of his horse's shoes. The farrier was at church; but a villager suggested, that if he went on to Jem Harrison's forge, he would probably be found at home. This proved to be true, when the rustic who had led the horse to the spot exclaimed—"Well, I must say that for Jem—for it is the only good point about him—he do never go to Church!"

POLITENESS—of the person exhibits itself in elegance of manners, and a strict adherence to the conventional forms and courtesies of polished life. Politeness of the heart consists in an habitual benevolence, and an absence of selfishness in our intercourse with society of all classes. Each of these may exist without the other.

POOR LAWS¹—Premiums upon idleness and improvidence—reversing the moralising effect of the prudential restraints, and of the domestic affections, as

¹ How far the author might have modified this article, had he lived to witness the recent modification of the Poor Laws, it is impossible to say.—ED.

devised for the welfare of society by the wisdom of God, through the instrumentality of a demoralising system, invented by the folly of man. Our poor laws, making the industrious support the indolent, the moral the profligate, and the prudent the improvident, are not only dissuasions from good, but stimulants to evil, by encouraging selfishness, recklessness, and inconsiderate marriages, and thus perpetuating pauperism, misery, and vice. This mischievous system tends inevitably to impoverish the rich, without enriching the poor; but in the harm thus done to both classes, the latter are by far the greatest sufferers,—their industry being paralysed, their affections seared, their minds demoralised, and their poverty confirmed.

What cruelty! exclaims some sanctimonious anti-Malthusian, to discourage the marriages of the lower orders, and what scandalous immorality would be the consequence of success in this object! Why, the prudential restraint which prevents improvident matches, is in full operation throughout the whole of the middling and upper classes, without being felt as an oppression, and without any increase of immorality. Even if their temporary celibacy were to increase *one* vice of the lower orders, it would diminish fifty others, by improving their circumstances, and removing the temptations of want and destitution. Pauperism is the hot-bed of crime, and good circumstances are the best security for good conduct.

POPULARITY—The brightness of a falling star,—the fleeting splendour of a rainbow,—the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation. The politician who, in these lunatic times, hopes to adapt himself to all the changes of public opinion, should qualify for the task, by attempting to make a pair of stays for the moon, which assumes a new form and figure every night.

POPULATION.—The proportion between the sexes seems to be governed by a general and permanent law, which, doubtless, keeps them at the standard best adapted for human happiness. Wherever accurate registers are kept, we know that the number of males born exceeds the females; the ratio being between fifteen to fourteen, and twenty-five to twenty-four. In England and Wales, from 1810 to 1820, they were as sixteen to fifteen, very nearly the same as in France. And yet, partly owing to the greater longevity of females,—to the loss of male life in the military and naval service, or in unwholesome manufactures,—to emigration, and other circumstances, it is found, throughout Europe, that the females exceed the males. In this uniformity of the laws of population, we behold a new and gratifying proof of a superintending Providence—of a common Father, who, making no distinctions of clime or religion, of rank or station, subjects the whole family of mankind to the same paternal controul.

POSSIBLE.—In order to effect the utmost possible, we must be careful not to throw away our strength in straining after the impossible, and the unattainable, lest we exemplify the fable of the dog and the shadow. “Search not into the things above thy strength.”

Sors tua mortalis ; non est mortale quod optas.

POSTHUMOUS GLORY—A revenue payable to our ghosts; an *ignis fatuus*; an exhalation arising from the ashes and corruption of the body; the glow-worm of the grave; a Jack-o'-lantern, of which a skeleton is the Jack, and the lantern a dark one; protracted oblivion; the short twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun, and is presently quenched in the darkness of night. “Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,” may be said of our fame, as well as of our frame: one is buried very soon after the other. When the rattling earth is cast upon our coffin, it sends up a hollow sound, which, after a few faint echoes, dies, and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. Living glory is the advantage of being known to those whom you don’t know;—posthumous glory is enjoying a celebrity from which you can derive no enjoyment, and enabling every puppy in existence to feel his superiority over you by repeating the old dictum, that a living dog is better than a dead lion, or by quoting

from Shakspeare—"I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath!"

POSTS and PLACES.—It was a complaint of D'Alembert, that men so completely exhausted their industry in canvassing for places, as to have none left for the performance of their duties. Query—Have public men improved in this respect since the days of D'Alembert?

POVERTY.—To the generous-minded, it is the greatest evil of a narrow fortune that they must sometimes taste the humiliation of receiving, and can rarely enjoy the luxury of conferring benefits. None can feel for the poor so well as the poor, and none, therefore, can so well appreciate the painfulness of being unable to relieve the distress with which they so keenly sympathise.

Riches, it was once observed, only keep out the single evil of poverty. True! was the reply—but how much good do they let in! Whatever may be the talents of a poor man, they will not have their fair share of influence; for few will respect the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner, and still fewer is the number of those who will doubt the abilities that have made a fool rich. Nevertheless, there are many chances in favour of the sufferers under impoorness; for, if Necessity be the mother of Inven-

tion, Poverty is the father of Industry; and the child of such parents has a much better prospect of achieving honours and distinction than the rich man's son. Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a wealthy friend, who asked his opinion as to the probable success of his son at the Bar—"Let him spend his own fortune forthwith; marry, and spend his wife's, and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

PRACTICE—Does not always make perfect. Curran, when told by his physician, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied—"That is odd enough, for I have been practising all night."

PRAISE—That which costs us nothing, and which we are, nevertheless, the most unwilling to bestow upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves, the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker, even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

Which of us would desiderate the expressive silence recommended by Scaliger as the most appropriate compliment to Virgil?—"De Virgilio nunquam loquendum; nam omnes omnium laudes superat." Few people thank you for praising the qualities they really possess; to win their hearts, you must eulogise those in which they are deficient. As this is the most subtle of all

flattery, so is it the most acceptable. In general, we have little reason to be grateful to those who speak the strict truth of us, and we are the more bound to acknowledge the kindness of those who flatter us by agreeable falsehoods. Stratonice, the bald wife of Seleucus, gave six hundred crowns to a poet, who extolled the beauty and profusion of her hair. One thing I would counsel to authors—never to make any allusion to themselves. If from sheer modesty, they speak disparagingly of their own works, their averments are set down for gospel; if they assume the smallest modicum of merit, their claim is cited as an instance of inordinate vanity. Silence is sapience.

The best praise which you can bestow on an author, or an artist, is to show that you have studied and understand his works. When Augustin Caracci pronounced a long discourse in honour of the Laocoön, all were astonished that his brother Annibal said nothing of that celebrated *chef-d'-œuvre*. Divining their thoughts, the latter took a piece of chalk, and drew the group against the wall as accurately as if he had it before his eyes; a silent panegyric, which no rhetoric could have surpassed.

“Our praise of beginners,” says Rochefoucauld, “often proceeds from our envy of those who have already succeeded.” This is a secret well known to critics; but they do not seem to be aware that sincerely to praise merit is, in some degree, to share it.

PRAAYER-BOOKS—answer many useful purposes, besides that of being carefully laid on the drawing-room table every Sunday morning. Were it not for these little manuals, people would have nothing to hold before their faces at church, when they are gaping, or ogling their neighbours, or quizzing a new bonnet in the next pew. But the most appropriate, praiseworthy, and important object to which a prayer-book can be applied, is its enabling you to afford incontestable proof that you keep a man-servant, when you enter the house of God to forswear the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. I have known ladies of all ages who could carry, for any distance, a pet poodle, weighing twenty-nine pounds and twelve ounces; but I have seldom known a female of any age who, having a man-servant, could carry a prayer-book, weighing four ounces and four pennyweights, from the church-door to the door of her pew. As there is a great inconvenience in crowding the aisles with lacqueys, going and returning, both at the commencement and the end of service, I would propose that all ladies should either carry their own prayer-books, or lock them up in their pews; and that those who are entitled to that pious distinction, should have a large label upon their backs, inscribed, “I keep a foot-man.” By this measure we should avoid the inconvenience of which I have complained, while the fair

label-bearers, carrying their footman at their back, instead of having him always in their head, would still obtain due credit for that Christian humility and devout sense of the proper objects of church-going, which are so clearly evidenced by the display of a handsome man, in a handsome blue livery, with crested buttons, crimson collar and facings, tufted shoulder knots, long worsted tags, and silken tassels !

PRECEDENT—authority of. Substituting a decision or an opinion for a principle, or a truth, and thus running the risk of perpetuating error, by making another man's folly the guide of your wisdom. Had the precedent of one age always been a rule for the next, the world would have been stationary, and we should never have emerged from barbarism. If this slavish adherence to former decisions gave us a fixed and immutable system, there would be some compensation for its being a wrong one ; but the glorious uncertainty of the law, based as it is upon precedent, has passed into a byword. A weathercock, even when it has become so rusty that it will not traverse, may occasionally point in the right direction ; but one that hangs so loosely as to be perpetually shuffling and veering, without reference to the quarter whence the wind blows, can only serve to puzzle and mislead.

PRECEPT—without example, is like a waterman who looks one way and rows another. What avails the knowledge of good and evil, if we do what we ought to avoid, and avoid what we ought to do? A direction post may point out the right road, without being obliged to follow it; but human finger posts, especially teachers and preachers, have not the same privilege. When a man's life gives the lie to his tongue, we naturally believe the former, rather than the latter. Pharisaical professions are but as a tinkling cymbal; we cannot listen patiently to the voice of the hypocrite, charm he never so wisely; but there is a silent eloquence in the morality of a whole life, that is irresistible. Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissars, are admirably adapted to their end, when conjoined: separated they lose the greater portion of their utility. Tertullian says, that even our writings blush when our actions do not correspond with them. Ought not this inconsistency rather to produce a contrary effect, and to prevent our writings from being *read*?

He who teaches what he does not perform, may be compared to a sun-dial on the front of a house, which instructs the passenger, but not the tenant. “*Equidem beatos puto*,” says Pliny, “*quibus Deorum munere datum est, aut facere scribenda, aut legenda scribere; beatissimos vere quibus utrimque*. Happy are they to whom the gods have given the power,

either to perform actions worthy to be recorded, or to write things worthy to be read: happier still are they in whom both powers are united."

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN—whose early intellectual development is often the harbinger of a premature decay, may be compared to Pliny's Amygdala, or almond tree, of which the early buds and immature fruits were cut off by the frosts of spring.

PRESS—The steam engine of moral power, which, directed by the spirit of the age, will eventually crush imposture, superstition, and tyranny. The liberty of the press is the true measure of all other liberty, for all freedom without this must be merely nominal. To stifle the nascent thought, is a moral infanticide, a treason against human nature. What can a man call his own, if his thought does not belong to him? King Hezekias is the first recorded enemy to the liberty of the press: he suppressed a book which treated of the virtues of plants, for fear it should be abused, and engender maladies; a shrewd and notable reason, well worthy of a modern Attorney-general.

PRIDE.—“ My brethren,” said Swift in a sermon, “ there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches,

and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

If we add to our pride, what we cut off from less favourite faults, we are merely taking our errors out of one pocket to put them into another.

PRIESTHOOD. — When the word of God, chained up in the Latin tongue, was a sealed book to the public; when the mere ability to read entitled a man to the *privilegium clericale*; when the nation, steeped in ignorance, and consequently in superstition, looked up to the clergy as the means of salvation, and the sole depositary of that learning and knowledge which are always worldly power; we can understand why their authority should be almost unlimited, and little marvel, that, like all despotism, it should be grossly abused. The laws, of which the clergy then had the chief enactment, having exempted them from almost every personal duty, they attempted a total exemption from almost every secular tie. "But, as the overflowing of waters," says Sir Edward Coke, "doth many times make the river to lose its proper channel, so, in times past, ecclesiastical persons, seeking to extend their liberties beyond their due bounds, lost those which of right belonged to them."

Of these perversions and usurpations the most grievous were abolished by the Reformation; which, however, effectually provided for the corruption, and

final unpopularity of the Church, when it bequeathed to it a spiritual nobility, tithes, pluralities, wealthy sinecures, and non-residence. In morals, piety, and learning, the clergy, as a body, are not only unexceptionable, but most exemplary; and yet, in the most religious country in the world, they are confessedly not so popular as they ought to be. Why? Because, instead of being a-head of the people, as has always hitherto been the case, they are only on a par with them in general information, and occasionally behind them in the desire of improvement, in liberality, and in the spirit of the age, the only articles whereof some of their body do not seem anxious to take tithe. This censure must not be passed without excepting many distinguished individuals, to whose enlightened views the writer is proud to do justice. A substitution for the obnoxious tithes, and a reform of the Church abuses, may restore to the clergy all their lost influence and popularity, nor yet encroach upon that decent and sufficing provision, beneath which, or above which, no minister can long preserve the respect of his flock. Upon the aggregate property of the Church none seek to make inroad, but all must feel that it would be much better secured by a more equal distribution, and by a timely reform, which, in order to ensure its friendly spirit, ought to emanate from the Church itself.

PRIMOGENITURE — Disinheriting a whole unoffending family, in order that the accident of an accident, viz., the eldest son of an eldest son, very possibly the last in merit, though the first in birth, may be endowed with the patrimony of his brothers and sisters, each of whom may exclaim—

• “Sum pauper, non culpa mea, sed culpa parentum,
Qui me fratre meo non genuere prius.”

Equally opposed to nature, reason, morality, and sound policy, this barbarous remnant of the doctrine which maintains the many to be made for the few, not the few for the many, has been a pregnant source of private as well as public corruption. The father whose estate is entailed has lost much of his moral influence over his children, being equally unable to reward the duty and affection of the juniors, or to controul and punish the excesses of his heir, whose independence too often occasions him to be prematurely extravagant, profligate, and unfilial. Numerous and notorious are the family feuds thus engendered, for Primogeniture destroys all the ties of consanguinity. An observant foreigner has noticed, that the English aristocracy, generally alienated from their eldest son, doat, nevertheless, on their eldest grandson, because they see in him an avenger of their wrongs, and the future tormenter of him by whom they them-

selves have been tormented. What a revolting picture of perverted affection !

Nor are the social and fraternal feelings less distorted. With what a calm heartlessness will an elder son, rolling in wealth and luxury, see his brothers struggling with poverty, nor feel himself bound to offer them the least assistance ! "I must live," sorrowfully exclaimed a poor *cadet*, when soliciting a small loan from the heir of a rich family. "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*," was the brother's reply ; and his unfeeling rejection of the suit was abundantly justified by that law of Primogeniture, which has completely superseded the law of nature. So much for its corrupting effects upon private life.

That it is not less demoralising in a public point of view, is established by the fact, that our aristocracy, for ages past, have had no other means of providing for their younger sons, than by making them state-paupers, and procuring them pensions, sinecures, civil or military appointments, and places in the colonies or the Church ; so that they have a deep interest in upholding abuses of every description, and in monopolizing for their own order, and by an undue influence, those employments which ought to be open to merit, and to candidates of every class. What can we then expect from an unreformed House of Lords ? Primogeniture, as a constituent element of nobility, begins in injustice, continues by acquiescence, and

is perpetuated by habit, until at last, the hoary abuse shakes the grey hairs of antiquity at us, and gives itself out for the wisdom of ages.

“ It is a fact highly honourable to the character of the French nation, that when De Villele attempted to revive the ‘ *droit d'aînesse*,’ there were amongst the numerous petitioners against the measure, the names of many who would have benefited by the change, but who paid less regard to their own interest than to the suggestions of natural affection. They were too noble-minded to barter the rights and honour of their brothers for wealth or worldly distinction. The same feelings of justice and generosity have distinguished the citizens of Virginia, where, when the paternal estate has been bequeathed entire to the eldest son, he has frequently been known to divide it equally among his brothers and sisters. In both these cases an opposite conduct would have been censured by public opinion, and would have incurred a degree of odium which is to be found in those countries only where the natural instinct of justice is not perverted by luxury, and the sympathies and charities of life are pure and unsullied. How different is the picture which the mother country would present to the eye of the indignant North American ! The portions of our younger nobility, like the wages of our peasantry, are made out of a poor-rate ; pride and poverty are encouraged by the same policy, and the gentleman

and the labourer are equally paupers."—*Englishman's Magazine.*

It has been urged, that the abolition of primogeniture and entail would rapidly pauperise the land, by its continual subdivision into small allotments. But it is already pauperised, where it is not fattened into disease; for the few are as much too rich, as the many are too poor; and if that be the best system which confers the greatest happiness upon the greatest number, a more equal distribution of the general wealth would surely be an improvement for all. The fine arts might suffer, for want of wealthy patrons; but the useful arts would receive an impulse from the greater diffusion of competency; and what would be gained in the latter direction might well atone for the loss in the former. A nation may pay too dear for the arts. It is, doubtless, fine to talk of an Augustan era, and Augustus himself was said to boast that he had found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; but if he had added, as in truth he might, that he had found Rome free, and had left it enslaved, what patriot would not have felt the city dishonoured by its architectural honours?

The constant reports, in our papers, of law-suits between relations, mostly originating in the unjust system of Primogeniture, reminds one of Malherbe, when he was reproached for being always at law with his family.—"With whom, then," he asked, "would

you have me be at variance? The Turks and Muscovites will not quarrel with me."

It was well said by one whose elder brother, a dissolute and unhappy man, had been vaunting the extent of the family estate—"I should envy you for what you have, did I not pity you for what you are." The same, when once walking with his senior, suddenly seized his arms, hurried him on, and exclaimed, with a look of pretended alarm—"Away! away! your life is in danger—save me from the entailed estate!"—at the same time pointing to a board set up in an old gravel-pit, with the following inscription—"Any one may shoot rubbish here."—T. H. is made responsible for the truth of this anecdote, though it may possibly be as old as the venerable Josephus Molitor.

PROMULGATION—The most essential part of a law, and one, nevertheless, which is the most completely neglected, hundreds and thousands of poor wretches having been punished under enactments of whose existence they were utterly ignorant.—"You are rather hard upon the canine race, unless they can read," said a foreigner, "for I see written up in various places, 'All dogs found in these grounds will be shot.'" Our laws are still harder upon the human race, for, though the quadrupeds cannot read, we presume them to have owners who can, and who will keep

them out of danger ; whereas the biped, even if he be able to spell, has no warning set up to put him on his guard,—and if he cannot, has no pastor or master who will apprise him of his danger. We have declared it illegal to set steel traps and spring-guns in unenclosed grounds ; and yet we thickly plant those murderous weapons, under the name of Acts of Parliament, in the highways and thoroughfares, keeping the people in the dark, as if on purpose to entrap the greater number of them. It has been objected, that they would not understand the Acts if they were placed before their eyes. Then they are not bound to obey them. Reason, justice, and humanity proclaim, that no enactment, especially a penal one, can be obligatory if it be utterly unintelligible. The barbarous jargon in which they are now written, should make way for brevity and plain English. It might be well if a summary or digest of every law affecting the people were printed for circulation, and affixed to every church door. It might be better still, if every clergyman were obliged to recapitulate and comment upon it from the pulpit. We are not always sure that, by expounding the laws of God, the preacher can show us the way to heaven ; but by explaining the laws of man, there is little doubt that he might prove a very valuable guide to the poor in their earthly pilgrimage.

PROPHECIES—the—were never meant as a Moore's Almanac, or as riddles for every blind OEdipus to guess at; and yet a year rarely passes without some new version of the Book of Revelations, ingeniously adapted to the "gazettes and current events of the period, by the half-crazy enthusiasts who seem to have succeeded to the old dabblers in judicial astrology. Vanity and self-love persuade these modern seers, not only that the æra to which they belong—that insignificant and fleeting point of time called the present—must be the all-important one shadowed forth by the inspired writers, but that they must be the chosen instruments to establish the connection between the Apocalypse and last Saturday's newspaper. This year's expounder regularly falsifies the last, but, as

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,"

new ones constantly arise, who being, if possible, still more peremptory and still more wrong than their predecessors, entangle themselves with the first little horn, and the second little horn, and are generally left in a dilemma between the two.

This gipsy-like irreverence should be discountenanced by all sober Christians. The Apostle tells us that—"the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God:"—and it cannot be for edification to see the interpreters warring with each other, as well

as with the sacred volume, and thus encouraging the scoffer, while they bewilder the devout inquirer.

PROSELYTISM — Self-love, seeking to make converts to our own opinion, disguised as the love of God, seeking to win votaries to the true faith. If all religions were to be engaged in this pursuit, and all have an equal right, the crusades would be renewed, and the whole world would soon become an arena for theological strife.

A Frenchwoman, who had married a Lutheran, made an offer to her patron Saint, for the purpose of procuring her husband's conversion to Catholicism. While she was waiting the effect of her prayers and donations, the good man fell sick and died, upon which the grateful wife exclaimed—"Ah! there is no Saint like the holy St. Catherine. She has graciously given me even more than I asked!"

A traveller, who had resided some time in Southern Africa, being asked whether the missionaries had been successful in civilising the natives, replied—"So much so, that I have known hundreds of negroes, who thought no more of lying, drinking, or swearing, than any European whatever."

PROSPERITY — indurates; adversity intemperates. The human heart is like a featherbed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed

to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard and knotty. Not without good reason does our liturgy instruct us to pray for divine protection "in the hour of our wealth," for Satan,

"—— wiser than before,
Now tempts by making rich, not making poor :"

and our dangers and trials invariably increase with our prosperity. Then comes the withering discovery that opulence is not happiness, for the shadows that surround us are invariably the darkest when the sun of our fortune shines the most brightly. Very often, too, we are only the more ridiculous, as well as unhappy, for being tossed in Fortune's blanket, and elevated above the heads of our fellows, a process which often turns our own. It matters little to be worth money, if we are worth nothing else.

PROVINCIALISM.—There is a provincialism of mind as well as of accent—a nationality of counties. Manners make the man, and localities tend to make the manners. The character of a whole people may be homogeneous, though compounded of many opposite ingredients; as spirit and water, sugar and acid, are necessary to the integrity of punch.

PRUDENCE—Is of relative merit, according to its degree and the necessity for its exercise. It

should no more be prominently noticeable in the conduct of a prosperous man, than prudery in the demeanour of a virtuous woman. When the rainy day comes, for which over-cautious niggards have been long providing, Fortune often delights to take them by the head and shoulders, and thrust them into the middle of the shower.

When thus limited to self-interest, prudence is inferior to the instinct of animals, which is sometimes generous and disinterested. Calculation, the first attribute of Reason, should never render us incapable of the first of the virtues—a sacrifice of self. The head must not be allowed to predominate over the heart. An expansive humanism, which is only a more enlarged calculation, would confirm the Scripture injunction, and teach us to love our neighbour as ourself.

Over-caution and over-preparation not seldom defeat their own object. Washington Irvine tells us of a Dutchman, who, having to leap a ditch, went back three miles, that he might have a good run at it, and found himself so completely winded, when he arrived at it again, that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side to recover his breath.—*Reculer pour mieux sauter* is only advisable when the preparation bears a due proportion to the thing to be performed.

All, however, must admire the prudence and caution of the banker's clerk in America, in giving evi-

dence on a trial for forgery. "When I do hold the check this way, it do look slick like the handwriting of Malachi Hudson ;—when I do hold it that way, its not at all like Malachi's signature, so that upon the whole I should say it's about middling."

PUBLIC OPINION—Is a river which digs its own bed. We may occasionally moderate or quicken its course, but it is very difficult to alter it.

PUFFING—A species of cozenage and trickery much resorted to by the vendors of quack medicines, blacking, novels, and other trash, for the purpose of gulling the public and cajoling them into a purchase of their wares. The abettors of this derogatory practice maintain that, so far as literature is concerned, it is an act of self-defence against the abuse of *Reviews*.— "What!" they exclaim, "is a bane to exist without its antidote? are malevolence, scurillity, perversion, and all the captious chicaneries of corrupt hypercriticism, to have undisputed possession of the literary field? are authors, *ex necessitate*, such nefarious felons as not to be allowed benefit of clergy? Nature, where she plants a vegetable poison, generally provides an antidote, so in the moral world she causes sympathies to spring up by the side of antipathies. Extremes, moreover, have an inherent tendency towards each other; the pessimist makes the

optimist: and thus it is that the unfairness, the bitterness, the rancour of reviewers have generated those much more excusable failings, if such they may be termed, of superlative, fulsome, high-flown panegyrics."

" Be it observed, that in all these mutual mal-practices, acting and re-acting with aggravated effect upon each other, the author has no share; he has parted with his copyright, has no interest in the conflict, and can find no more pleasure in being made the shuttlecock between the black and white battledore, than would a well-dressed gentleman in being alternately jostled by a miller and a chimney-sweeper. Philautical hyperboles are not less ridiculous and offensive than vain, for we may be assured that the more we speak of ourselves in superlatives, the more will others speak of us in diminutives; and the less we put ourselves forward, the more will the public be disposed to advance us.—‘*Præfulgebant Cassius et Brutus eo ipso quod eorum effigies non visebantur*,’ says Tacitus."

It must be confessed that the publisher, when, by constant puffing, he spreads and diffuses the leaves of his favourite book, and purifies the peccant humours of the critical world, has before him the example of nature, who, by a similar process, unfolds the vegetable leaves, and disperses the foulness and ill-humours of the atmosphere. Even should the amiable

encomiast undesignedly bring grist to his own mill, surely he is not more culpable than the miller, who confessedly lives by puffs, and yet pursues his avocation without impeachment: so true is it that one man may steal a horse, while another must not look over the hedge! Both evils will work out their own cure, and puffing the most speedily, if there be any truth in the dictum, that

“Praise undeserved is censure in disguise;”

or, that

“A vile encomium doubly ridicules,
Since nothing blackens like the ink of fools.”

Sheridan, in “The Critic,” has described the puff-collusive, which is not yet by any means extinct:—

“If booksellers, now-a-days, do not venture to recommend their publications upon the ground of their indelicacy, they scruple not to attract readers by openly setting forth the personality and scandalous nature of the work they are puffing, thus pandering to a vice which is the stigma and opprobrium of the day, adducing as a merit that which ought to condemn the book with every right-thinking and right-feeling reader, and perverting public morals by an unblushing substitution of wrong for right. ‘That’s villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in him that uses it. Oh, reform it altogether!’ ”

PUN—A verbal equivocation. If the highest legitimate wit be only a play upon ideas, why may we not tolerate a play upon words, which are the signs of ideas? Such a recreation is at least dabbling in the elements of wit, whereas a starch and formal gravity is an evidence of nothing but dulness. It is much easier to condemn a good pun than to make one, and Dr. Johnson evinced his envy rather than his contempt, when he associated punsters and pick-pockets.—We are seldom angry with that which we really despise.

PUNISHMENTS—being meant for prevention, not revenge, should be so regulated—“*ut pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes perveniat.*”—Wise is that maxim which says, “*Non minus turpe principimulta supplicia, quam medico multa funera;*” and yet we have only lately made the discovery in England, that hanging is the very worst use that a man can be put to.

Some writers have thought that the state should be not less solicitous to recompense good deeds, than to punish evil ones; but, perhaps, it is better not to disturb the moralising impression, that virtue is its own best reward. The noblest actions too, would instantly become liable to a tainting suspicion of motives, if the virtues were to be scheduled, and remunerated according to a fixed tariff. Experience has shown us to

what infamous purposes the rewards for the apprehension of malefactors have been perverted by trading informers, and other dealers in *blood money*.

Disproportionate punishments are attended with five evils:—they deter prosecutors from coming forward—they draw attention to the crime—awaken pity for the criminal—excite hatred of the law—and occasion the magnitude of the temptation to offence to be measured by the magnitude of the punishment.

PURITANISM—The innocence of the vicious—external sanctimony, assumed as a cover for internal laxity. Whenever we smell musk or other pungent perfumes, we may fairly suspect that the wearer must have some strong effluvium to conquer; and where we observe a Pharisaical display of prudery and piety, we shall seldom err in pronouncing that it is the disguise of some wolf in sheep's clothing. A nice man, according to Swift, is a man of nasty ideas; and a pretender to superior purity will often be found much dirtier than his neighbours. Some of these Pharisees will occasionally betray themselves by over-acting their part. “I never saw such an indelicate gentleman as that at the opposite house!” exclaimed a young female saint, “he must have seen that I did not choose to pull down the blind, and yet he has been watching me the whole time I have been changing my dress.” Two damsels, of the same puri-

tanical stamp, encountering Dr. Johnson, shortly after the publication of his Dictionary, complimented him on his having omitted all the gross and objectionable words. "What, my dears!" said the doctor, "have you been looking out for them already?"

PURGATORY—One of the few inventions of priestcraft that almost deserves to be true; for a medium was wanting between the two extremes of perdition and salvation. Infinite and eternal torment for offences committed in a few brief years of existence, appeared so irreconcileable with the divine attributes, that purgatory, as an intermediate and terminable state of punishment, was invented at a very early period of the Church. Harmless and reconciling in theory, it soon became practically perverted by the clergy into a device for the extortion of mass-money, under the pretext of shortening its duration. Had this abuse been corrected, and the supposed benefits of purgatory extended equally to the poor and the rich, our Church Reformers would, perhaps, have done well to leave this consolatory doctrine as they found it. It may not have the clear warranty of Scripture, but how much did they leave untouched, which was equally unsanctioned by divine authority! Quevedo, in his *Visions*, tells us, that an old Spanish nobleman once met his coachman in purgatory, when the latter exclaimed—"O master, master! what can ever have

brought so good a catholic as you into this miserable place?"—"Ah, my worthy Pedro! I am justly punished for spoiling that reprobate son of mine. But you, who were ever such a sober, steady, well-conducted man, what can have brought you hither?"—"Ah, master, master!" snivelled Pedro, "I am brought here for being the father of that reprobate son of yours!"

QUAKER.—"If external rites," Archbishop Tillotson affirms, "have eat out the heart of religion in the Church of Rome, religion should seem to have made the deepest impression on the Quakers, who are the most averse from external ceremonies and observances, and are therefore hated by the formalists of all churches." That no honours might be wanting to this truly Christian sect, they have been dignified by the abuse of Cobbett, who, in allusion to their dress, and their rejection of the ceremony of baptism, terms them, in choice Billingsgate, "a set of unbaptized, buttonless blackguards!"

Many have admired and eulogised the mild creed, the universal charity, the fraternal love, the well-directed industry, the moral rectitude, the commercial probity, the strict veracity, the general amiability, of these religionists, among whom are to be found no malefactors, no beggars, no infamous members of any sort, and who imagine that they best prove themselves

to be good Christians, by being good subjects, good neighbours, good men. But how indiscreet, how dangerous, nay, how immoral, is such eulogy ! What ! can we forget that they arrogantly presume to be pious and virtuous, without paying tithes ;—that they dare to have a church, not only without sacraments, but even without a priesthood ;—and that they constitute the best organised and most harmonious religious society in the world, not only without a spiritual aristocracy, but even without a head ? What profanation, too, that they should consider marriage a simple civil contract, should solemnize it as such, and yet never offer to the public a single instance of adultery or divorce ! What a pestilential example is all this, and how injurious to true, primitive, unadulterated Christianity, as it is maintained and illustrated in our venerable Established Church !! Let us hear no more of the quakers, unless it be for the purpose of proscribing and persecuting them !

“ QUARRELS—would never last long,” says Rochefoucauld, “if the fault were only on one side.” The Spanish proverb, which tells us to beware of a reconciled friend, inculcates an ungenerous suspicion. In the case of lovers, we have the authority of Terence for affirming that—*Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est* ;—and many are the instances among friends, where a momentary rupture has only served to conso-

lidate the subsequent attachment, as the broken bone, that is well set, usually becomes stronger than it was before.

QUIBBLE—QUIRK—QUIDDET.—See *Law Proceedings*. “True!” cried a lady, when reproached with the inconsistent marriage she had made—“I have often said I never would marry a parson, or a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian; but I never said I would not marry a Scotch Presbyterian parson.”

Roger Kemble’s wife had been forbidden to marry an actor, and her father was inexorable at her disobedience; but, after having seen her husband on the stage, he relented, and forgave her, with the observation of—“Well, well, I see you have not disobeyed me after all; for the man is not an actor, and never will be an actor.”

QUID PRO QUO.—Every one has heard the reply of Montague Matthew, when he was spoken to for Matthew Montague,—that there is a great difference between a chestnut horse and a horse chestnut; but this seems to have been forgotten, nevertheless, by an unlucky wight, who, being engaged to dine at the Green Man at Dulwich, desired to be driven to the Dull Man, at Greenwich, and lost his dinner by a *quid pro quo*.

T. H. observed of the mate of a Whitby merchant

ship, who could do nothing without his quid, that he had classical authority for "*Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.*"

RAILLERY—Has been compared to a light which dazzles, but does not burn: this, however, depends on the skill with which it is managed; for many a man, without extracting its brilliance, may burn his fingers in playing with this dangerous pyrotechnic. Pleasant enough to make game of your friends, by shooting your wit at them, but if your merry bantering degenerates into coarse and offensive personality, nobody will pity you, should you chance to be knocked down by the recoil of your own weapon. He who gives pain, however little, must not complain should it be retorted with a disproportionate severity; for retaliation always adds interest in paying off old scores, and sometimes a very usurious one. Wags should recollect, that the amusement of fencing with one's friends is very different from the anatomical process of cutting them up.

A coxcomb, not very remarkable for the acuteness of his feelings or his wit, wishing to banter a testy old gentleman, who had lately garnished his mouth with a complete set of false teeth, flippantly inquired,—“Well, my good Sir! I have often heard you complain of your masticators—pray, when do you expect to be again troubled with the tooth-ache?”—“When

you have an affection of the heart, or a brain fever," was the reply. Not less ready and biting was the retort of the long-eared Irishman, who, being banteringly asked—"Paddy, my jewel! why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!" replied—"And yours are too small for an ass."

A well-known scapegrace, wishing to rally a friend who had a morbid horror of death, asked him, as they were passing a country church during the performance of a funeral, whether the tolling bell did not put him in mind of his latter end.—"No; but the rope does of your's," was the caustic reply.

REASON—The proud prerogative which confers on man the exclusive privilege of acting and conversing irrationally. No man is opposed to reason, unless reason is opposed to him; to protest against it, is to confess that you fear it, and they who interdict its use, on account of the danger of its abuse, may as well build a house without windows, for fear the lightning should enter it, or put out their eyes, lest they should go astray. To give reasons against the employment of reason, is to refute yourself, and to close up your mind till it resembles the bower described by Shakespeare,—

"Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter."

And yet we have theologians, who, proscribing the

exercise of man's distinguishing and most noble attribute, in the most exalted object to which it can be directed—the contemplation of the Deity, and the study of his revealed will,—would confine human nature, in its highest aspirations, to mere animal instincts. Surely this is a triple treason;—first, against the majesty of God; secondly, against the dignity of his human image; thirdly, against the writings he inspired. In various places do the Scriptures themselves repudiate this degrading doctrine. St. Paul desires us to “prove all things;” and St. Peter, in his first epistle, expressly says, “Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you *a reason* of the hope that is in you.”—iii. 15. And as we are elsewhere told that the letter killeth, how are we to discover the saving spirit, except by the exercise of our intellectual faculties? To imagine that the Bible is opposed to reason, is to impugn its veracity. Mark the opinion of the pious Locke upon the subject: “No mission can be looked on to be divine, that delivers anything derogating from the honour of the one, only, true, invisible God; or inconsistent with natural religion, and the rules of morality; because God, having discovered to men the unity and Majesty of his eternal Godhead, and the truths of natural religion and morality by the light of reason, he cannot be supposed to back the contrary by revelation; for that would be to destroy the evidence and

use of reason, without which, men cannot be able to distinguish divine revelation from diabolical imposture! ”

And to the same purport, Bishop Burnet, in his “Exposition of the 19th Article,” tells us, “that if we observe the style and method of the Scriptures, we shall find in them all over a constant appeal to men’s reason, and to their intellectual faculties. If the mere dictates of the Church, or of *infallible men* had been the resolution and foundation of faith, there had been no need of such a long thread of reasoning and discourse, as both our Saviour used when on earth, and the Apostles used in their writings. We see the way of authority is not taken, but explanations are offered, proofs and illustrations are brought, to convince the mind; which shows that God, in the clearest manifestation of his will, would deal with us as with rational creatures, who are not to believe, but on persuasion; and to use our reason, in order to the attaining that persuasion.”

Well would it have been for sound and rational theology, had controversial writers always attended to the dictum of another learned and pious divine, who affirms—“ That which has not reason in it, or for it, is man’s superstition, and not religion of God’s making.”

—*Dr. Whichcote’s Sermons*, p. 117.

¹ Posthumous Works, p. 226.

Prohibiting the exercise of this faculty, in matters of opinion, is but an imitation of the Papists, who will not allow the senses to be judges in the case of transubstantiation. Strange! that instinct, which is the reason of animals, is to be allowed to the feathered, and not to the featherless biped. These irrationalists seem to think, that the intellectual faculties of man are like hemlock and henbane, poisonous to the human, but not to the feathered race—*Hyoscyamus et cicula homines perimunt, avibus alimentum prebent.* Reason, however, does us all yeoman's service in the defence of anything unreasonable. When Paley was asked why he always kept his horse three miles off, he replied—“For exercise.”—“But you never ride.”—“That is the reason why I keep him at such a distance, for I get all the exercise of the walk.”

Still more ingenious was the logic of the schoolboy, whose companion thought it absurd that Homer should describe Vulcan as being a whole day in falling from the clouds to the earth.—“Nay,” argued the acute youth, “this shows his close adherence to nature; for you can hardly expect Vulcan to fall as fast as another man, when you recollect that he was lame.” His lameness being the consequence of his fall, it must be confessed, that there was unreasonableness enough in this reason to satisfy the most zealous irrationalist.

REFORM—An adaptation of institutions to cir-

cumstances and knowledge, or a restoration to the original purposes, from which they have been perverted, demanded as a right by those who are suffering wrongs, and only denied and abused by those who have been fattening upon abuse. The real Conservatives are the Reformers, the real revolutionists are the corruptionists, who, by opposing quiet, will compel violent change. When the ultras, and men of this class, whose long misrule, and denial of justice, have inflamed the public mind, charge the Reformers with having thrown the whole country into a blaze, thus accusing the extinguisher of being the firebrand, one is reminded of the incendiary, who, in order to avoid detection, turned round and collared the foreman of the engines, exclaiming—"Ha, fellow! have I caught you?—This is the rascal who is first and foremost at every fire—seize him! seize him!" There is no Reform Bill in Turkey,—no factious opposition,—no free press,—no twopenny trash,—yet, in no country are revolutions so frequent.

Reform, however, to be useful and durable, must be gradual and cautious. To those radical gentry of the movement party, who would be always at work, without calculating the mischief or the cost of their vaunted improvements, I recommend the consideration of the following anecdote:—The celebrated orator Henley advertised, that, in a single lecture, he would teach any artisan, of ordinary skill, how to make six

pair of good shoes in one day;—nay, six-and-twenty pair, provided there was a sufficiency of materials. The sons of Crispin flocked in crowds, willingly paying a shilling at the door, to be initiated in such a lucrative art, when they beheld the orator seated at a table, on which were placed six pair of new boots.—“Gentlemen!” he exclaimed, “nothing is so simple and easy as the art which I have undertaken to teach you. Here are a new pair of boots,—here are a large pair of scissors;—behold! I cut off the legs of the boots, and you have a new pair of shoes, without the smallest trouble; and thus may they be multiplied, *ad infinitum*, supposing always that you have a sufficiency of materials.”

REFORMATION.—“The freedom for which our first Reformers contended, did not include any freedom of dissent from the Athanasian Creed. Grotius and Lardner, and Locke and Newton, those great and pious men, who were an honour to human nature, and the most illustrious advocates of Christianity, would have been adjudged by the first Reformers, as well as by the Catholics, by Cranmer and Knox, as well as by Bonner and Beaton, to be worthy of death in the present world, and of everlasting misery in the world to come. The martyrdoms of Servetus in Geneva, and of Joan Bocher in England, are notable instances of the religious freedom which prevailed

in the pure and primitive state of the Protestant churches.”—*Ed. Review*, vol. xxvii. p. 165.

The reformation was not a struggle for religious freedom, but for Protestant intolerance, instead of Catholic intolerance; and the struggle of modern Christians should be for emancipation from *all* intolerance. To every man thus engaged, may we not piously ejaculate—“*Dii tibi dent quæ velis!*”

RELIGION—*Fashionable*.—Going to Church; making devotion a matter of public form and observance between man and man, instead of a governing principle, or silent communion between the heart and its Creator;—converting the accessory into the principal, and mistaking the symbol and stimulant of pious inspiration for the inspirer;—worshipping the type, instead of the archetype;—being visibly devout, that is to say, when anybody sees you.

RELIGION—*General*.—An accidental inheritance, for which, whether it be good or bad, we deserve neither praise nor censure, provided that we are sincere and virtuous.

Let us not, however, be mistaken. Far be it from us to assert, that men should be indifferent to the choice of religion, still less that all are alike. We maintain only, that in the great majority of instances, little or no choice is allowed; and it is our object to

inculcate that humility as to our own opinions, and that toleration for others, in which the most devout are very apt to be the most deficient.

“Religion is the mind’s complexion,
Governed by birth, not self-election,
And the great mass of us adore
Just as our fathers did before.
Why should we, then, ourselves exalt
For what we casually inherit,
Or view, in others, as a fault,
What, in ourselves, we deem a merit ?”

The religion that renders good men gloomy and unhappy, can scarcely be a true one. Dr. Blair says, in his Sermon on Devotion—“He who does not feel joy in religion, is far from the kingdom of heaven.” Never can a slavish and cowering fear afford a proper basis for the religion of so dignified a creature as man, who, in paying honour, must feel that he keeps his honour, and is not disunited from himself, even in his communion with God. Reverence of ourselves is, in fact, the highest of all reverences; for, in the image of the Deity, we recognise the prototype; and thus elevated in soul, we may humbly strive to imitate the divine virtues, without pride or presumption. Religion has been designated as the love of the good and the fair, wherever it exists, but chiefly when absolute and boundless excellence is contemplated in “the first good, first perfect, and first fair.” With this feeling in their hearts, the virtues could never wander from

the right faith ; and yet, how many good men seek it amid the dry spinosities and tortuous labyrinths of theology ! It was a homely saying of Selden, “ that men look after religion, as the butcher did after his knife, when he had it in his mouth.”

Even a sincere religion may be unconsciously mixed up with carnal impulses ; for when we cannot bring heaven down to earth, we are very apt to take earth up to heaven. That ardent adoration of the Virgin Mary, which has procured for Catholicism the not inappropriate designation of the Marian Religion, was derived probably from the days of chivalry, when a sexual feeling impassioned the worship paid to the celestial idol, and a devout enthusiasm sanctified the homage offered to the earthly one. These spiritual lovers would have done well to perpend the fine saying of the philosopher, Marcus Antoninus—“ Thou wilt never do anything purely human in a right manner, unless thou knowest the relation it bears to things divine ; nor anything divine, unless thou knowest all the relations it has to things human.”

RELIGION—*Pure and undefiled before God and the Father.*—We have placed this last, because it is the last that enters into the contemplation of the numerous classes of Christians, most of whom are too busy in fashioning some fantastical religion of their own, to seek for it in the Scriptures. The devout

and rational reader is referred to the twenty-seventh verse of the first chapter of James. And if he still harbour a doubt which be the works of the flesh, and which of the Spirit, let him peruse St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, chap. v. ver. 19—26.

REPARTEE.—A smart rejoinder, which, when given *impromptu*, even though it should be so hard a hit as to merit the name of a knock down blow, will still stand excused, partly from the ready wit it implies, and partly from its always bearing the semblance of self-defence. When time, however, has been taken to concoct a retort, and an opportunity sought for launching it, not only does it lose all the praise of extemporaneous quickness, but it assumes a character of revenge rather than of repartee.

Those repartees are the best which turn your adversary's weapons against himself, as David killed Goliah with his own sword. Abernethy, the celebrated surgeon, finding a large pile of paving stones opposite to his door, on his returning home one afternoon in his carriage, swore hastily at the paviour, and desired him to remove them. “Where will I take them to?” asked the Hibernian. “To hell!” cried the choleric surgeon. Paddy lent upon his rammer, and then looking up in his face, said with an arch smile, “Hadn’t I better take them to heaven? —sure they’d be more out of your honour’s way.”

REPLY—a ready one. “Carnivorous animals,” said a collegian to the Rev. S. S——, “are always provided with claws and talons to seize their prey; hoofed animals are invariably graminivorous. Is it, therefore, consistent with the analogies of nature to describe the devil when he goes about seeking whom he may devour, as having a cloven foot?” “Yes,” replied the divine; “for we are assured, on scriptural authority, that all flesh is grass.” Few better replies are upon record than that of young De Chateaunoef, to whom a bishop once said, “If you will tell me where God is, I will give you an orange?” “If you will tell me where He is *not*, I will give you two,” was the child’s answer.

REQUEST—a modest one. When the Duke of Ormonde was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Queen Anne’s reign, one of his friends applied to him for some preferment, adding, that he was by no means particular, and was willing to accept either a Bishopric, or a Regiment of Horse—or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench. This, however, is surpassed by Horace Walpole’s anecdote of a humane jailor in Oxfordshire, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners. “My good friend! I have a little favour to ask of you, which from your obliging disposition, I doubt not you will readily grant. You are ordered

for execution on Friday week. I have a particular engagement on that day : if it makes no difference to you, *would* you say *next* Friday instead?"

RESOLUTION.—He who sets out by considering all obstacles well—*non obstantibus quibuscumque*, has half-accomplished his purpose, for the difficulty in human affairs is more often in the mind of the undertaker, than in the nature of the undertaking. With this feeling, and the *nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*,—nothing is impossible.

RESPECTABILITY.—Keeping up appearances, paying your bills regularly, walking out now and then with your wife, and going occasionally to church. On the trial of a murderer, a neighbour deposed that he had always considered him a person of the highest respectability, as he had kept a gig for several years. This could only have occurred in England, where it is held that a man who is worth money, must be a man of worth.

RETIREMENT—from business. A mistake in those who have not an occupation to retire *to*, as well as *from*. Such men are never so well or so happily employed, as when they are following the avocation which use has made a second nature to them. The retired butcher in the neighbourhood

of Whitby, must have found idleness hard work, when he gave notice to his friends, that he should kill a lamb every Thursday, just by way of amusement.

RETORT-COURTEOUS.—“ I said his beard was not cut well ; he was in the mind it was ; this is called the retort-courteous,” says one of the characters in Shakspeare ; but this *lucus à non lucendo*, does not come up to our modern idea of the term, which should involve some portion of the sharpness or smartness of a repartee. Lord G——, who is vehemently suspected of being descended from Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, since he never opens his mouth without fibbing, made some disparaging statement at White’s concerning one of the members. The party implicated, who happened to overhear him, came up to his accuser, and said emphatically, “ My Lord, you have made an assertion,” inferring as a matter of course, that he had uttered a falsehood. It is impossible to imagine a more polite, and yet more cutting way of giving the lie.

Two of the guests at a public dinner having got into an altercation, one of them, a blustering vulgarian, vociferated, “ Sir, you are no gentleman !” “ Sir, said his opponent in a calm voice, and with a derisive smile,—“ you are no judge.” Both these

bons mots are complete and literal instances of the retort-courteous.

There are retorts uncourteous, which can only be justified by the occasion. Talleyrand being pestered with importunate questions by a squinting man, concerning his broken leg, replied, "It is quite crooked,—as you see."

H. C—, a keen sportsman, provoked by a cockney horseman who had ridden over two of his hounds, could not forbear swearing at him for his awkwardness. "Sir!" said the offender, drawing up both himself and his horse, and assuming a very consequential look, "I beg to inform you, that I did not come out here to be damned."—"Why then, Sir, you may go home, and be damned."

"Ah! Dr. Johnson," exclaimed a Scotchman, "what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?" "Why, Sir," replied Johnson, "I should not have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman, what I will now say of him as a Scotchman, that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

REVENGE.—A momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was

well said by a Roman Emperor, that he wished to put an end to all his enemies, by converting them into friends.

REVIEW.—A work that overlooks the productions it professes to look over, and judges of books by their authors, not of authors by their books.

REVIEW—retrospective. When we cast a Parthian glance backwards, and embrace in one far darting retrospect our whole existence, divided as it has been into infancy, boyhood, manhood, and old age, each a sort of separate life, from the variety of thoughts, feelings, and events that it comprises, what a long, long, course of time seems to be condensed into the mental operation of a single moment. The period from our own birth to the present hour, appears more extensive and eventful than all that has preceded it, even from the birth of the world; so different is the impression made by time experienced, and time imagined. In the former case, the view is broken by a succession of land-marks, each throwing back the distance, and giving to the whole the semblance of covering a much larger space than it really occupies. In the latter, we are gazing over an objectless sea, where the horizon is brought nearer to us for want of any standard by which

to measure its remoteness. History is the shadow of time; life its substance, and they bear the same relation to one another, that the dim twilight does to the up-risen and visible sun. It is in vain to talk to men of throwing their minds into the past, or into the future, you may as well bid them leap out of themselves, or beyond their shadow. The present is all in all to us. As to the past ages, and those which are to come, “*De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*”

REVIEWER.—With certain honourable exceptions, a reviewer is one who, either having written nothing himself, or having failed in his own literary attempts, kindly undertakes to decide upon the writing of others. “Let those teach others, who themselves excel,” was the maxim of former times, but in the march of no-intellect, we have reversed all this: the dunce wields the magisterial rod, the ass sits in the professor’s chair, and both are severe, because they have found it much more easy and pleasant not to like, than to do the like. *Hi præ cæteris alios liberius carpere solent, qui nil proprium ediderunt* :—those men are most disposed to depreciate others, who have done nothing themselves. Such a critic contemplates a book, as a carpenter views a tree, not to weigh the time and contrivance that have been required for its production, not to admire

its just proportions, or the beauty of its leaves, not to consider what pleasure or advantage it may bestow upon others, if left to flourish and expand, but merely to calculate how he himself may best turn it to account, by undermining, overthrowing, and cutting it up. As to the poor author, he is merely used as a stalking-horse, behind which the critic levels at the surrounding game, giving his steed a lash or two as he ends his diversion.

Messieurs the Reviewers ! you are like Othello, not for your black looks, nor because of your smothering the innocent in their own sheets, but because, " your occupation's gone." Having found out the motives both of puffers and abusers, the public are no more to be deterred from purchasing a clever book by the latter, than cajoled into buying a stupid one by the former. Parodying the words of a well known epigram, we may therefore exclaim :—

Peace, idiots,—peace ! and both have done,—
Each kiss his empty brother,
For Genius scorns a foe like one,
And dreads a friend like t'other.

Should any of the fraternity, nevertheless, feel disposed to notice this little work, they will please to consider themselves among the honourable exceptions alluded to in the commencement of this article. We scorn to truckle to any man for the poor honours of " full blown Bufo," but candour, is candour !

RHETORIC.—Appealing to the passions instead of the reason of your auditors, and claiming that value for the workmanship, which ought to be measured by the ore alone. An orator is one who can stamp such a value upon counterfeit coin as shall make it pass for genuine. Pitt was a rhetorician, or rather declaimer, of this sort, and unfortunately, we are now paying in sterling coin for his Birmingham flash money.

RICHES — are seldom really despised, though they may be vilipended upon the principle of the fox, who imputed sourness to the unattainable grapes. We cannot well attach too much value to a competency, or too little to a superfluity, but we may and do err in generally defining the former as a little more than we already possess. Riches provide an antidote to their bane, for though they encourage idleness, they will purchase occupation, by change of scene, variety of company, pastimes of all sorts, and by that noblest employment of any, the exercise of beneficence. Robinson Crusoe might despise riches—so may a savage; but no sane and civilized man will hold them in contempt.

“ If you live,” says Seneca, “ according to the dictates of nature, you will never be poor; if according to the notions of the world, you will never be rich.”

RIGHTS—and constitutional improvements are

generally the results of a struggle, for no wrong makes a voluntary surrender; it must be met, fought, and conquered. Liberty has seldom been brought into the world without a convulsion. Treason and rebellion are terrible afflictions, but they gave us Magna Charta in one age, and in another the Constitution of 1688. Tyranny and abuse never imitate the well-bred dog, who walks quietly down stairs, just as he sees preparations are making for kicking him down. They wait for the application of the foot, and are kicked twice as far as was first intended. Had the boroughmongers conceded representation to three or four of the large towns, they would not have been all consigned to schedule A, and smothered in their own rottenness.

ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION.—Horace Walpole in his Letters mentions a sceptical *bon-vivant*, who, upon being urged to turn Roman Catholic, objected that it was a religion enjoining so many fasts, and requiring such implicit faith:—“You give us,” he observed, “too little to eat, and too much to swallow.”

SABBATH—observance of. The Americans are before us in sound opinions on this subject. In the report of the House of Representatives upon petitions for the prohibition of the conveyance of the mail on

the Sabbath, the proposition is broadly laid down, that questions of religious obligation lay out of the province of legislation. It says, "The principles of our government do not recognise in the majority any authority over the minority, except in matters which regard the conduct of man to his fellow-men." And it defines the duty of the representative "to guard the rights of man—not to restrict the rights of conscience." We here quote the passage.

"Religious zeal enlists the strongest prejudices of the human mind, and, when misdirected, excites the worst passions of our nature under the delusive pretext of doing God service. Nothing so infuriates the heart to deeds of rapine and blood. Nothing is so incessant in its toils, so persevering in its determinations, so appalling in its course, or so dangerous in its consequences. The equality of rights secured by the constitution may bid defiance to mere political tyrants, but the robe of sanctity too often glitters to deceive. The constitution regards the conscience of the Jew as sacred as that of the Christian, and gives no more authority to adopt a measure affecting the conscience of a solitary individual than that of a whole community. That representative who would violate this principle, would lose his delegated character, and forfeit the confidence of his constituents. If Congress shall declare the first day of the week holy, it will not convince the Jew nor the Sabbatarian. It

will dissatisfy both, and, consequently, convert neither. Human power may extort vain sacrifices, but Deity alone can command the affections of the heart. If Congress shall, by the authority of the law, sanction the measure recommended, it would constitute a legislative decision of a religious controversy, on which even Christians themselves are at issue. However suited such a decision may be to an ecclesiastical council, it is incompatible with a republican legislature, which is purely for political, and not religious purposes."

Josephus records, that when God was determined to punish his chosen people, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who, while they were breaking all his other laws, were scrupulous observers of that *one* which required them to keep holy the Sabbath-day, he suffered this hypocritical fastidiousness to become their ruin; for Pompey, knowing that they obstinately refused even to defend themselves on that day, selected it for a general assault upon the city, which he took by storm, and butchered the inhabitants with as little mercy as he found resistance.

"Pleasant but wrong," was the *naïveté* of the little urchin, who, on being brought before a magistrate for playing marbles on a Sunday, and sternly asked,— "Do you know, sirrah, where those little boys go to, who are wicked enough to play marbles on a Sunday?" replied very innocently,— "Yes, your vorship, some

on 'em goes to the Common, and some on 'em goes down by the river side."

SACRIFICES.—Killing and burning the harmless to save the hurtful, so that the less innocent men become, the more they destroy innocent animals. What must have been Solomon's opinion of his own sins, and those of his people, when, at the consecration of the temple, he offered a sacrifice of 22,000 oxen, and 120,000 sheep!—Ovid was clear-sighted enough to see the folly of the heathen system of sacrifice, and there is a remarkable conformity between his—

“ Non bove mactato cœlestia numina gaudent,
Sed quæ præstanda est, et sine teste, fide”—

and sundry passages in the New Testament. The priesthood made no very heavy sacrifice when they gave up their share of slaughtered animals for tithes, offerings, and other pecuniary oblations.

SANCTUARY.—The abuse of impunity, arising originally from the abuse of legal severity;—two evils aggravating, in the endeavour to correct, each other. All local privileges, the remnants of this ancient compromise, should be abolished. We need no other sanctuary than mild laws impartially administered. The king being the first magistrate of the State, and, as head of the Church, the guardian of the public

morals, why should the verge of his court enable debtors to defy their just creditors, and to defraud honest tradesmen with impunity? Why should Peers, or Members of the House of Commons, perverting their honour into a source of dishonour, violate the laws which themselves have made, and set themselves above pecuniary responsibility by their freedom from arrest? How these privileges have been abused, is well known:—why they should be still retained, is by no means so manifest.

SATIRE.—A glass in which the beholder sees every body's face but his own.

SAW.—A sort of dumb alderman which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth.—N. B. A bona-fide alderman is not one of the “wise saws” mentioned by Shakspeare, at least in “modern instances.”

SCANDAL.—What one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

SCANDALOUS REPORTS—says Boerhaave, are sparks, which if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. They have, perhaps, been better compared to volcanic explosions, of which the lighter portions are dispersed by the winds, while the heavier

fall back into the mouth whence they were ejected. Our scandalous journals, professedly dealing in personality and abuse, have been justly termed the opprobrium of the age; but it is some consolation to know, that few or none of them have disgraced the liberal cause. The conservatives have all the discredit of their support; the Reformers, all the honour of their enmity. Nuisances as they are, it is, perhaps, wise not to molest them, but to let them die of their own stench. Prosecutions for libel, avail little against men of straw, and as to personal chastisement, the rogues—

“ Have all been beaten till they know,
What wood the cudge'l's of by the blow;
Or kick'd, until they can tell whether,
A shoe be Spanish or neat leather.”

SCEPTICISM.—“ The dogmatist,” says Watts, “ is sure of every thing, and the sceptic believes nothing.”—Both are likely to be wrong, but we need not impute wrong motives to either. Scepticism *may* be assumed as an excuse for immorality: but Faith also *may* be assumed as a substitute for good works. To say that the doubters are all profligates, and the orthodox all hypocrites, would be equally removed from truth and liberality. As the worldly temptations all lean towards an acquiescence in received opinions, those who profess them, should be the last to suspect

the motives of those who differ from them. Both may be good Christians, if they will but think each other to be such.

SCHISM.—“The restraining of the Word of God, and the understanding of men, from that liberty wherein Christ and the Apostles left them, is, and hath been, the only fountain of all the schisms of the Church, and that which makes them immortal ;—the common incendiary of Christendom, and that which tears in pieces, not the coat, but the bowels and members of Christ, *Ridente Turca nec dolente Judæo.*”—(Chillingworth’s Religion of Protestants, part i. p. 152.)

SCIENCE—presents this advantage to its cultivator—that he may always hope for progression, whereas the arts, at least the ornamental ones, move in a perpetual Round Robin, the demand for novelty constantly requiring that even the most faultless perfection should be superseded by something new, which, of necessity, must be something inferior. Were Phidias, Vitruvius, and Raphael to revive, they would find that the world has retrograded in statuary, architecture, and painting ;—but could Leibnitz or Newton, revisit us, they would be amazed at our advances in mathematics and general science.

SCULPTURE.—The noble art of making an imperishable portrait in marble or bronze. There are various ways of contemplating these exquisite productions of genius. We may be delighted by the beauty of a statue, amazed by the triumph of manual dexterity, which it exhibits, or we may be interested in its associations with the past or the future. Or there is an Utilitarian and economical way of considering the matter, which was well illustrated by two artisans, when Chantry's bronze statue of George the Fourth was first exhibited, “What a lot o'penny pieces all this here copper would have made,” observed one.”—“Ay, never mind, Jack!” said his companion, pointing at the figure—“it will cost a deal less to keep he, than it does to keep the live un!”

A contemporary writer has asked, why we attach so little value to the wax figures in the perfumers' shops, which approach much nearer to nature than the most elaborate marble bust; but he must have forgotten that all works of art are estimated in the mingled ratio of their difficulty, utility, and permanence, not by their mere similitude to the object imitated.—“You would not value the finest head cut out upon a carrot,” said Dr. Johnson. Here he was right, but he was wrong when he added that the value of statuary was *solely* owing to its difficulty; for its durability, we

might almost say its perpetuity, gives it an immeasurable advantage over a perishable painting.

SEA—the. Three-fourths of what we might call the earth—the dwelling-place of whales, walruses, porpoises, seals, sailors, and other monsters.

Strange that we often lose our way in travelling by land, where we have only to follow our nose, pursue the high roads chalked out for us, and read the sign posts set up for our guidance; while in traversing the pathless deep, with none to ask, and no sea-marks to direct, with nothing to peruse but the blank main and the illegible sky, a vessel seldom fails, however long and remote may be her voyage, to steer direct into her destined harbour. This is the proudest victory of science; the greatest triumph of man over the elements. The little round compass is the ring that marries the most distant nations to each other. Commerce is the parent of civilization; the coasts and ports of a country will be always found more polished than the inland parts. The sea, therefore, shall ever receive the homage of my profound respect, but I cannot admire it. Hunt has justly defined it as a great monotonous idea. So little do I like it, that I care not to dwell upon it, even with my pen.

SECRETS.—A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it, and keep it; it is like money—when

once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.—“ My dear Murphy !” said an Irishman to his friend, “ why did you betray the secret I told you ?”—“ Is it betraying you call it ? Sure, when I found I was’nt able to keep it myself, did’nt I do well to tell it somebody that could ?”

SECTS.—Different clans of religionists, the very variety and number of which should inculcate mutual respect and toleration, instead of hatred, and that odious self-worship, which many people imagine to be worship of the Creator.—

Embracing those whom Europe holds,
The Christian catalogue unfolds
 About a hundred different sects,
And due indulgence it should teach
To every follower of each ;
 If for a moment he reflects,
The chances are against his own,
Just as one hundred are to one.

SELF-LOVE.—Thinking the most highly of the individual that least deserves our regard. The self-love of most men consists in pleasing themselves, but there are some cases where it displays itself in pleasing others. In neither is it altogether to be condemned, for our sensibilities may be too weak, as well as too strong, and they who feel little for themselves, will feel little or not at all for others. Nothing can be more different than fortitude and insensibility ; the

one being a noble principle, the other a mere negation; and yet they are often confounded.

SERMONS.—Sometimes theological opiates—sometimes religious discourses, attended by many who do not attend to them, and when published, purchased by many who do not read them. It is in vain to expect much eloquence or originality in these productions;—first, because most clergymen have a horror of novelty, lest it should be deemed unorthodox: and, secondly, because they want all motive for the bold and full developement of their talents. To rise above the regular routine of the pulpit, will neither improve their present position, nor add to their chances of future preferment; for the ruling church powers, jealous of all enthusiasts, and still more so of original thinkers, had much rather promote a weak respectable man, who will submit to be led, than a strong-minded zealous divine who might aspire to lead—and, perhaps, to innovate!

“How comes it,” demanded a clergyman of Garrick—“that I, in expounding divine doctrines, produce so little effect upon my congregation, while you can so easily arouse the passions of your auditors by the representation of fiction?” The answer was short and pithy.—“Because I recite falsehoods as if they were true, while you deliver truths as if they were false.”

SERVANTS—Liveried deputies, upon whose tag-rag-and-bobtail shoulders we wear our own pride and ostentation; household sinecurists, who invariably do the less, the less they have to do; domestic drones, who are often the plagues, and not seldom the masters of their masters. Many who have now become too grand for grand liveries, and will not shoulder the shoulder-knot, are only to be distinguished from those whom they serve by their better looks and figures, and more magisterial air. Let no man expect to be well attended in a large establishment; where there are many waiters, the master is generally the longest waiter. A Grand Prior of France, once abusing Palapret for beating his lackey, he replied in a rage—“Zooks, Sir, he deserves it; I have but this one, and yet I am every bit as badly served as you who have twenty.”

SET-DOWN—That species of rebuke familiarly termed a set-down, when it has been merited by the offending party, and is inflicted without an undue severity, is generally very acceptable to every one but its object. An empty coxcomb, after having engrossed the attention of the company for some time with himself and his petty ailments, observed to Dr. Parr, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. “No wonder,” cried the doctor, pettishly, “you always go out without anything in it.” Another of the same stamp, who imagined himself to be a poet,

once said to Nat. Lee, "Is it not easy to write like a madman, as you do?" "No; but it is very easy to write like a fool, as you do."

SETTLER.—Tom Hood, in one of his delightful *Comic Annuals*, has an engraving of a colonist meeting a settler in the form of an infuriated lion, who with bristling mane seems prepared to give the stranger a passport down his throat. We may encounter a less formidable, but equally conclusive settler, without stirring from our own fire-sides, and afford a proof at the same time, that a bad thing put into the mouth will sometimes bring a good thing out of it.—An epicure, while eating oysters, swallowed one that was not fresh. "Zounds, waiter!" he ejaculated, making a wry face, "what sort of an oyster do you call this?" "A native, Sir," replied the wielder of the knife. "A native!—I call it a *settler*, so you need not open any more.—What's to pay?"

SCHOOLS.—It may be questioned, whether the separation of brothers and sisters from each other, and of both from their parents, by sending them to school, be not injurious to domestic morals, and therefore hurtful to all parties. That scholars may derive many advantages from attending public or private institutions cannot be denied; but their residence should be at home, for such would seem to be the intention of

nature; and the constant intercourse of parents and children cannot be otherwise than mutually beneficial. Men should be fathers of their sons' minds as well as bodies. Whatever a youth may lose in the classics, by being educated *altogether* at home, he will gain in morality, and the family affections; while he will pick up, by what may be termed insensible education, more general knowledge than will be generally possessed by an Etonian or Harrow boy of twice his age. Latin and Greek are worth having, but not if they cost more than their value. The licentious intrigues of Heathen gods, and the loose morality of Pagan writers, are not the safest reading at that period of life, when evil impressions are the most easily made, and the most difficult to eradicate. What is the value of mere scholarship? There ought to be a satisfactory answer to this question, for a whole life is often given for its acquirement. And after all, it is not the knowledge locked up in the learned languages; it is not the treasure, but the casket; not the nut, but the shell, upon which our classical students crack their critical teeth. Bowing down to the shrine, not to the divinity, what wonder that we so rarely hear of a learned Theban or senior wrangler after he quits his monkish Alma Mater. He knows nothing, does nothing, thinks of nothing, by which the world may be benefitted or enlightened. Modern History—the British Constitution—Political Economy—General Science, have found,

but a small part of his education, for they are not noticed by the commentators, either upon Lycophron's *Cassandra*, or the *Prometheus Vinctus*. If only one half of the time lavished upon the dead languages had been devoted to philosophical researches, many a scholar, who is now forgotten, might have left behind him an imperishable name. Since the days of the illustrious Robert Boyle, few of our patricians have distinguished themselves in the higher sciences, or as experimental philosophers. Boyle, it must be confessed, had an advantage—he was never at college; no more were Newton, Maclaurin, Wallis, Simpson, Napier; nor, in our own more immediate times, Sir Humphrey Davy, and some of our most eminent philosophers.

SCHOOLMASTER—a dealer in boys and birch;—often an academical tyrant, who in his utter ignorance of proper management, renders his victims intractable by maltreatment, and then treats them worse for being intractable. Cudgel a little jackass as often as you will, and if he survives your cruelty, he will only end with being a great jackass. Many of our pedagogues, ever ready to ply the birch and the ferula, make no allowance for natural deficiency of talent, while they will often terrify a lad of good abilities, but weak nerves, into an asinine stupidity. The boys from whom they gather their harvest, they seem to consider

as so much corn, which must be threshed and knocked about the ears before any grains of sense can be extracted; or perhaps they liken them to walnut trees, which shower down their fruit in return for being well beaten. "The schoolmaster's joy is to flog," says Swift; since when a hundred years have elapsed, and it still remains the favourite pastime of our pedagogues, who seem to think that boys, as well as syllabubs, are to be raised by flogging. Ships and fishes may make their way when steered by the tail; but when we attempt to guide or impel youngsters by a similar process, we only retard or turn them out of their right line. Flagellation, whether of pupils or of soldiers, invariably hardens and depraves those whom it seeks to reclaim. In nothing is a thorough reform so much wanted as in some of our old fashioned seminaries and teachers.

An empty-headed youth once boasted that he had been to two of the most celebrated schools in England. "Sir," said a bystander, "you remind me of the calf that sucked two cows." "And what was the consequence?" "Why, sir, he was a very great calf."

SCOTCHMEN.—The inhabitants of every country except their own. "No wonder," says Dean Lockier, "that we meet with so many clever Scotchmen, for every man of that country, who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can."

SCOTT,—Sir Walter. Twenty-two bad poets have already written epitaphs upon this celebrated author. What a gain would it be to the world if Sir Walter were now writing theirs !

SHOOTING THE LONG-BOW.—Stretching a fact till you have made it as long as you want it. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's tastes have descended to some of our modern nobility, for he tells us in his Auto-biography, “ The exercises I chiefly used, and most recommended to my posterity, were, riding the great horse and fencing. I do much approve likewise of *shooting in the long-bow.*” So does our ingenious contemporary, Lord G—, who never suffers himself to be outstripped in the marvellous. The Marquis of H— had engaged the attention of a dinner party, by stating that he had caught a pike, the day before, which weighed nineteen pounds. “ Pooh !” cried Lord G—, “ that is nothing to the salmon I hooked last week, which weighed fifty-six pounds.” “ Hang it,” whispered the Marquis to his neighbour, “ I wish I could catch my pike again; I would add ten pounds to him directly.”

SICKNESS—without reference to the religious impressions it is calculated to awaken, is well worth enduring, now and then, not only for the pleasure

of convalescence, but that we may learn a due and grateful sense of the blessing of health. "Every recovery," says Jean Paul Richter, "is a *palingenesia*, and bringing back of our youth, making us love the earth, and those that are on it, with a new love."

SIDE WIND ATTACK.—The not uncommon custom of pelting a friend, after he has left the company, seems to have been derived from the practice of the ancient tribes, who erected a monument to a departed hero, by throwing stones upon him.

SILENCE.—A thing which it is often difficult to keep, in exact proportion as it is dangerous not to keep it. So frail that we cannot even speak of it without breaking it, and yet as easily and as completely to be restored as it was destroyed, few people understand the use, or appreciate the value of this mysterious quality. All men when they talk, think that they are conferring pleasure upon others, because they feel it themselves; but none suspect that the same object may sometimes be more effectually obtained by their silence. A good listener is much more rare than a good talker, because the conversation of general society seldom fixes the attention, and thus in the hopelessness of curing the evil, we aggravate it. "When I go into company,"

said L——, “ I am compelled to become as great a chatterbox as the rest, because I had rather hear my own nonsense than that of other people.” “ After all,” observed his niece one day, when he was twitting her with her loquacity,—“ I know many men who talk more than women:”—“ Aye,” was the reply, “ more to the point.”

L—— was once overturned in a carriage with his niece, who, finding after all her screams, that she had received no hurt, asked her uncle how, in such an imminent danger, he could have preserved so perfect a silence. “ Because I was tolerably sure that death would not be frightened away by my making a noise.”

Socrates, when a chatterbox applied to him to be taught rhetoric, said that he must pay double the usual price, because it would first be necessary to teach him to hold his tongue. We may be sometimes gainers by practising this difficult art, even at a festive meeting. “ Silence,” exclaimed an epicure to some noisy guests, “ you make so much noise that we don’t know what we are eating.”

SILK.—The refuse of a reptile, employed to give distinction and dignity to the lord of the creation. Compare the caterpillar in its cocoon, with the king’s counsel in his silk gown, and in adjusting the claims of the rival worms, the palm

of ingenuity must be conceded to the former, because it spins and fashions its own covering, whereas the latter can only spin out the thread of empty elocution, and weave a web of sophistry. The Abbé Raynal calls silk, "*l'ouvrage de ce ver rampant, qui habille l'homme de feuilles d'arbres élaborées dans son sein.*" Hear how the pompous Gibbon gives the same information. "I need not explain that silk is originally spun from the bowels of a caterpillar, and that it composes the golden tomb, whence a worm emerges in the form of a butterfly." There is an Arabian proverb which conveys the same fact in a much more moral and poetical form. "With patience and perseverance, the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin."

SLANDERER.—A person of whom the Greeks showed a due appreciation, when they made the word synonymous with devil. Slanderers are at all events economical, for they make a little scandal go a great way, and rarely open their mouths, except at the expense of other people. We must allow that they have good excuse for being defamatory, if it be their object to bring down others to their own level. It may be further urged in their extenuation, that they are driven to their trade by necessity; they filch the fair character of others, because they have none of their own; and with this

advantage, that the stolen property can never be found upon them. There is a defence also for their covert and cowardly mode of attacking you, for how can you expect that backbiters should meet you face to face? Nay, they have even a valid plea for being so foul-mouthed, considering how often they have been compelled to eat their own words. Hang them! let us do the fellows justice!

SLAVE-DRIVER.—A white brute employed to coerce and torture black men. Old Fuller calls Negroes, “images of God carved in ebony.” May we not say of their white task-masters, that they are images of the devil carved in ivory?

SNUFF.—Dirt thrust up the nostrils with a pig-like snort, as a sternutatory, which is not to be sneezed at. The moment he has thus defeated his own object, the snuffling snuff-taker becomes the slave of a habit, which literally brings his nose to the grindstone; his Ormskirk has seized him as St. Dunstan did the devil, and if the red hot pincers could occasionally start up from the midst of the rappee, few persons would regret their embracing the proboscis of the offender. Lord Stanhope has very exactly calculated that in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker’s life will be devoted to tickling his nose, and two more to the

agreeable processes of blowing and wiping it, with other incidental circumstances. Well would it be if we bestowed half the time in making ourselves agreeable, that we waste in rendering ourselves offensive to our friends. Society takes its revenge by deciding, that no man would thrust dirt into his head, if he had got any thing else in it.

SOCIETY.—If persons would never meet except when they have something to say, and if they would always separate when they have exhausted their pleasant or profitable topics, how delightful, but alas ! how evanescent would be our social assemblages.

SOLDIER.—A man machine, so thoroughly deprived of its human portion, that at the breath of another man machine, it will blindly inflict or suffer destruction. Divested of his tinsel trappings, his gold lace, feathers, music, and the glitter of the false glory with which it has been attempted to dazzle the world as to his real state, it is difficult to imagine any thing more humiliating, than the condition of a soldier.

Nothing so much shows the triumph of opinion and usage over fact, of the conventional over the abstract, as that a profession, apparently so much at variance with all their feelings, should be chosen

by gentlemen of independence, humanity, and reflection. Nothing is more redeeming to our common nature than that such men, placed in a sphere so expressly calculated to make them both slavish and tyrannical, should generally preserve their good qualities from contamination. Few characters so honourable, few gentlemen so courteous, few companions so agreeable as a British officer; but this is not in consequence, but in spite of his being in the army. Why he ever entered it, we presume not to inquire, but we are bound to believe that his motive was not less rational and amiable than that of the affectionate Irishman, who enlisted in the seventy-fifth regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the seventy-sixth.—(*Vide* Josephus Molitor.)

SPECULATION.—A word that sometimes begins with its second letter.

SPELLING—BAD—is sometimes the best, as in the case of the Beer vender, who wrote over his shop door, “*Bear* sold here,” manifestly implying, as was observed by my friend T. H.—, that it was his own *Bruin*. Not less ingenious was the device of the quack doctor, who announced in his printed handbills, that he could instantly cure, “the most obstinate *aguews*,” thus satisfactorily proving that

he was no conjuror, and did not attempt to cure them *by a spell*.

SPINSTER. — An unprotected female, and of course a fine subject for exercising the courage of cowards, and the wit of the witless.

STEAM. — Strange that there should slumber in yonder tranquil pond, a power so tremendous, that could we condense and direct its energies, it might cleave the solid earth in twain, and yet so gentle that it may be governed, and applied, and set to perform its stupendous miracles by a child! The discovery that water would resist being boiled above 212 degrees, has conferred upon England its manufacturing supremacy, and will eventually produce changes, both moral and physical, of which it is difficult to limit the extent. One bushel of coals, properly consumed, will raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. The Menai Bridge, weighing four millions of pounds, suspended at a medium height of 120 feet, might have been raised where it is, by seven bushels of coals. M. Dupin estimates the steam engines of England to possess a moving power equivalent to that of 6,400,000 men at the windlass. And this stupendous agent is at present only in its infancy!

STOMACH. — The epicure's deity. Buffon gave

it as his deliberate conviction, that this portion of our economy was the seat of thought, an opinion which he seems to have adopted from Persius, who dubbs it a master of arts, and the dispenser of genius. So satisfied are we of its reflecting disposition, that we call a cow, or other beast with two stomachs, a ruminating animal *par excellence*. To judge by the quantity they eat, we might infer some of our own species to have two stomachs; but when we listen to their discourse, we find it difficult to include them in the class of ruminating animals.

STONE—The philosopher's. The folly of those who have inherited Midas's ears without his touch. A will-o'-the-wisp, however, does not always lead us into quagmires; in running after shadows we sometimes catch substances, and in following illusions overtake the most valuable realities. The pursuit of the philosopher's stone has by no means been a vain one. Alchymy has given us chemistry, and we are indebted to the astrologers for the elucidations of the most difficult problems in astronomy. The clown, who in running to catch a fallen star, stumbled, and kicked up a hidden treasure, has found many an unintentional imitator among scientific visionaries and stargazers. Perhaps more has been gained by long and vainly seeking the quadrature of the circle, the longitude, and perpetual motion, than would have arisen from

immediate success. Morals, too, have their philosopher's stone, in other shapes than those of Plato's Atlantis, or More's Utopia; and it is healthy to chace such chimeras, if it were only for the sake of air and exercise, in an atmosphere of purity. Many real virtues may be acquired by straining after an imaginary and unattainable perfection. *Crede quòd habes, et habes.* When a thing is once believed possible, it is half realized.

STONE—to pelt with. Dr. Magee affirms, that the Roman Catholics have a Church without a religion;—the Dissenters, a religion without a Church;—the Establishment, both a Church and a religion. “This is false,” observes Robert Hall of Leicester; “but it is an excellent stone for a clergyman to pelt with.”

STUPIDITY—is often more apparent than real; it may be indisposition rather than incapacity. The human mind is not like logic—the major does not always contain the minor; and men who feel themselves fit for great things, cannot always accomplish little ones. Claude Lorraine was dismissed by the pastry-cook to whom he had been apprenticed, for sheer stupidity. The difficulty did not consist in bringing his mind up, but in bringing it down to the manufacture of buns and tartlets.

STYLE.—To have a good style in writing, you should have none; as perfect beauty of face consists in the absence of any predominant feature. Mannerism, whether in writing or painting, can never be a merit. Swift is right when he decides, that “ Proper words in proper places, make the true definition of a good style.”

“ He who would write well,” says Roger Ascham, “ must follow the advice of Aristotle,—to speak as the common people speak, and to think as the wise think.” Style, however, is but the colouring of the picture, which should always be held subordinate to the design. “ We may well forgive Tertullian his iron style,” says Balzac, “ when we recollect what excellent weapons he has forged out of this iron, for the defence of Christianity, and the defeat of the Marcionites and Valentinians.”

SUBSCRIPTIONS—private. Paying your creditors by taxing your friends; an approved method for getting rid of both. Many years ago a worthy and well-known Baronet, having become embarrassed in his circumstances, a Subscription was set on foot by his friends, and a letter, soliciting contributions, was addressed to the late Lord Erskine, who immediately dispatched the following answer:—

“ My dear Sir John,
I am in general an enemy to Subscriptions of this

nature; first, because my own finances are by no means in a flourishing plight; and secondly, because pecuniary assistance, thus conferred, must be equally painful to the donor and the receiver. As I feel, however, the sincerest gratitude for your public services, and regard for your private worth, I have great pleasure in *subscribing*—(Here the worthy Baronet, big with expectation, turned over the leaf, and finished the perusal of the note, which terminated as follows:)—in *subscribing* myself,

“ My dear Sir John,

“ Yours very faithfully,

“ ERSKINE.”

SUGGESTION—A friendly one. A man who had had his ears cuffed in a squabble, without resenting the affront, being shortly afterwards in a party, and in want of a pinch of snuff, exclaimed, “ I cannot think what I have done with my box; it is not in either of my pockets.”—“ Try your ears,” said a bystander.

SUPERSTITION—as Plutarch has well observed, is much worse than atheism, since it must be less offensive to deny the existence of such a deity as Saturn, than to admit his existence, and affirm, that he was such an unnatural monster, as even to devour his own children.

Archbishop Tillotson says, "According as men's notions of God are, such will their religions be; if they have gross and false conceptions of God, their religion will be absurd and superstitious. If men fancy God to be an ill-natured Being, armed with infinite power, who takes delight in the misery and ruin of his creatures, and is ready to take all advantages against them, they may fear him, but they will hate him, and they will be apt to be such towards one another, as they fancy God to be toward them; for all religion doth naturally incline men to imitate him whom they worship."—*Sermons*, vol. i. p. 181.

"Atheism," observes a Christian philosopher, "leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men."—(*Bacon's Essays*, p. 96.) In point of fact, the misrepresentation of a deity, leads immediately to the denial of his existence; a result which has not escaped the acuteness of Plutarch. "The atheist," says that writer, "contributes not in the least to superstition; but superstition, having given out so hideous an idea of the Deity, has frightened many into the utter disbelief of any such being; because, they think it much better, nay, more reasonable, that there should be no deity, than one whom they see more reason to hate

and abominate, than to love, honour, and reverence. Thus inconsiderate men, shocked at the deformity of Superstition, run directly into the opposite extreme of atheism, heedlessly skipping over true piety, which is the golden mean between both."

How certainly should we avoid the degrading superstition of demonism, did we but act upon the following position of Archbishop Tillotson:—"Every good man is, in some degree, partaker of the divine nature, and feels that in himself, which he conceives to be in God; so that this man does experience what others do but talk of;—he sees the image of God in himself, and is able to discourse of him from an inward sense and feeling of his excellency."—(*Sermons*, vol. iii. p. 42.) If we thus behold the Deity reflected in our own hearts, no wonder that the religion of the good man should be rational and cheerful, and that of the bad man superstitious and gloomy. How forcibly does the latter recall the passage in Bacon's noble essay—"Of Unity in Religion," where he says—"It was a great blasphemy when the devil said, 'I will ascend, and be like the Highest;' but it is greater blasphemy to personate God, and bring him in, saying—'I will descend, and be like the Prince of Darkness.' Surely this is to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a vulture, or raven; and to set out of the bark of the Christian Church a flag of a bark of pirates and assassins."

SUPPER.—A receipt for indigestion, and a sleepless night. A Spanish proverb says—A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; a little at night is too much. This agrees pretty nearly with the Latin dictum—

Pone gulæ metas, ut sit tibi longior ætas,
Esse cupis sanus?—Sit tibi parca manus.

SYMPATHY.—A sensibility, of which its objects are sometimes insensible. It may be perilous to discourage a feeling, whereof there is no great superabundance in this selfish and hard-hearted world; but even of the little that exists, a portion is frequently thrown away. Such is the power of adaptation in the human mind, that those who seem to be in the most pitiable plight, have often the least occasion for our pity. A city damsels, whose ideas had been Arcadianised by the perusal of pastorals, having once made an excursion to a distance of twenty miles from London, wandered into the fields in the hope of discovering a *bondæ fide* live shepherd. To her infinite delight, she at length encountered one, under a hawthorn hedge in full blossom, with his dog by his side, his crook in his hand, and his sheep round about him, just as if he were sitting to be modelled in china for a chimney ornament. To be sure, he did not exhibit the azure jacket, jessamine vest, pink tiffany inexpressibles, peach-coloured stockings, and golden buckles of those

faithful portraiture. This was mortifying; still more so, that he was neither particularly young nor cleanly; but, most of all, that he wanted the indispensable accompaniment of a pastoral reed, in order that he might beguile his solitude with the charms of music. Touched with pity at this privation, and lapsing, unconsciously, into poetical language, the civic damsel exclaimed—“Ah! gentle shepherd, tell me where’s your pipe?”—“I left it at home, Miss,” replied the clown, scratching his head, “cause I ha’nt got no baccy.”

A benevolent committee-man of the Society for superseding the necessity of climbing boys, seeing a sooty urchin weeping bitterly, at the corner of a street, asked him the cause of his distress;—“Master has been using me shamefully,” sobbed the sable sufferer;—“he has been letting Jem Hudson go up the chimney at No. 9, when it was my turn! He said it was too high, and too dangerous for me, but I’ll go up a chimney with Jem Hudson any day in the year; that’s what I will!”

There is a local sympathy, however, in which we cannot well be mistaken, and which it is lamentable not to possess; for that man—to use the words of Dr. Johnson—“is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.”

Even the most obdurate and perverse natures can-

not always resist the power of sympathy. Indecorous as it is, we must quote Lord Peterborough's observation on the celebrated Fénélon;—"He is a delicious creature; I was forced to get away from him as fast as I possibly could, else he would have made me pious." As a profane man may be pleased with piety, so may a wise one be occasionally pleased with folly, through sympathy with the pleasures of others.

Most misplaced and mischievous of all, is that spurious sympathy, by which some of our journalists and novel writers seek to enlist our feelings in the cause of the basest malefactors.—"To make criminals the object of a sentimental admiration, and of a sort of familiar attachment; to hold up as a hero the treacherous murderer, whose life has been passed in reckless profligacy, merely because, at his death, he displays a firmness which scarcely ever deserts the vilest, is a task as unworthy of literary talents, as it is unfit for cultivated and liberal minds."—*Ed. Review*, vol. xl. p. 202.

TALKERS—Great—not only do the least, but generally say the least, if their words be weighed, instead of reckoned. He who labours under an incontinence of speech, seldom gets the better of his complaint; for he must prescribe for himself, and is sure of having a fool for his physician. How many a chatterbox might pass for a wiseacre, if he could keep his

own secret, and put a drag chain, now and then, upon his tongue. The largest minds have the smallest opinion of themselves; for their knowledge impresses them with humility, by showing the extent of their ignorance, and this discovery makes them taciturn. Deep waters are still; wise men generally talk little, because they think much: feeling the annoyance of idle loquacity in others, they are cautious of falling into the same error, and keep their mouths shut, when they cannot open them to the purpose.

Small wits, on the contrary, are usually great talkers. Uttering whatever comes uppermost, and everything being superficial, their shallowness makes them noisy, and their confidence offensive. If we might perpetrate, at the same time, a pun and paradox, we should affirm, that the smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth. Human heads are like hogsheads—the emptier they are, the louder report they give of themselves. The chatterbox, according to the Italians, “*parla prima e pensa poi*”; but we have specimens in this country, who never think, either before or after. The clock of their word-mill is heard, even when there is no wind to set it going, and no grist to come from it.

M. de Bautré, being in the antichamber of Cardinal Richelieu, at the time that a great talker was loudly and incessantly babbling, begged him to be silent, lest he should annoy the Cardinal.—“Why do

you wish me not to speak?" asked the chatterbox;—
"I talk a good deal, but I talk well."—"Half of that
is true," said M. de Bautré.

TALENT.—What we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry; as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he will but move his legs a little faster. "Mother!" said the Spartan boy, going to battle, "my sword is too short."—"Add a step to it," was the reply.

TASTE.—A quick and just perception of beauty and deformity in the works of nature and art.

TAVERN.—A house kept for those who are not housekeepers.

TEST ACTS.—Devices for letting in the unscrupulous and irreligious, and for excluding the conscientious and the pious. All churches have had them; and all have found them equally inefficacious. Requiring a man to receive the Sacrament, and thus profane a sacred ordinance, as a qualification for the proper discharge of a civil office, is about as germane to the matter, as if you were to stipulate that your dairymaid should go through the process of being vaccinated, as a security for her making good butter, and never attempting to injure your cow.

They who imagine that a particular form of test, because it succeeds perfectly well in one instance, must be equally efficacious in all, without reference to the circumstances of the case, or the materials upon which the experiment is to be made, fall into the same mistake as the simple country girl, who, having seen a laundress spit upon a flat iron, to ascertain whether it were too hot, spat in her smoking porridge, to see whether it would burn her mouth.

TEXT—Scriptural.—A fertile source of delusion and bigotry to those particularly clear-sighted people, who prefer the letter which killeth, to the spirit which giveth life.

From drugs intended to impart
Relief to sickness, care, and pain,
The chymist, with transmutive art,
Extracts a poison and a bane.
So does the bigot's art abuse
The sacred page of love and life,
And turn its sweet and hallowed use
To deadly bitterness and strife.

As purblind or short-sighted elves
Measure their glasses by themselves,
And deem those spectacles most true
Which suit their own distorted view,
So every weak, fanatic creature
Makes of himself a Bible-meter ;
Chooses those portions of the word
Which with his blindness best accord,
And closes up his darkened soul
Against the spirit of the whole.

Learn this, ye flounders in the traps
Of insulated lines and scraps,—

Though all the texts of Scripture shoot,
 Like hairs within a horse's tail,
 From one consolidated root,
 Where beauty, strength, and use prevail,
 Singly, they're fit, like single hairs,
 Only for sponges, nets, and snares¹.

Tertullian gives the best advice upon this subject when he says—"We ought to interpret Scripture, not by the sound of words, but by the nature of things." —*Malo te ad sensum rei, quam ad sonum vocabuli exerceas.*

THEOLOGY—Controversial—is to religion what law is to justice—a science which darkens by its illustrations, and misses its object in its over anxiety to attain it. If truth may be called the sun of religion, controversial theology is assuredly its Will-o'-the-wisp.

Theology—says *Le Clerc* is subject to revolutions as well as empires, but though it has undergone considerable changes, yet the humour of divines is much the same.

TIME.—The vehicle that carries every thing into nothing. We talk of *spending* our time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity; whereas we are all living upon our capital, and he who wastes a single day, throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered.

¹ Versified from Dr. Donne.

TINDER.—A thin rag—such for instance as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.

TITHES—being a remuneration for a particular service, ought not only to be fairly proportioned to the talent and industry of the performer, but to be subject to regulation like any other salary, where the duty is improperly discharged, or altogether omitted. To pretend that tithes are absolute property, is a mere fiction. If they were like an estate, why do men complain of the scandal of pluralities or of simony? Who ever hears of the scandal of possessing three or four estates, or of simoniacal contracts for lands and houses? Except by consent of another, the Tithe-owner has no property whatever, for the landholder, if he please, may refuse to cultivate the soil, and then the former has no interest in it, and the assumed *property* of tithe is *pro tempore* annihilated.

That tithes are sacred, and inalienable is another fiction. If the assertion were true, they would still belong, of right, to the Roman Catholic clergy, from whom Henry VIII. wrested them, with very little form of law. In point of fact, they have repeatedly been made the subject of legislative interference, and from a very early period, as will be seen by the following extract:—

“ *William the Conqueror and his Clergy.*—With such

enormous riches at their disposal, they became unduly powerful; and William, jealous of that power, and suspicious of their fidelity, reduced all their lands to the common tenure of knights' service and barony—(equivalent to reducing a freehold to a lease for fourteen years, subject to be renewed at the pleasure of the real owner.) The prelates were required to take an oath of fealty, and to do homage to the king, before they could be admitted to their temporalities, and they were also subject to an attendance before the king in his Court Baron, to follow him in all his wars with their knights and quota of soldiers, and to perform all other services incident to feudal tenures. The clergy remonstrated most bitterly against this new revolution, equalled only by the revolution which took place in church property five centuries afterwards; but William, like Henry VIII, was inexorable, and consigned to prison or banishment all who opposed his will."—From *Baines's History of the County Palatine of Lancaster*.

It is, we believe, upon this tenure, and as feudal barons, that the bishops claim the right of sitting in the House of Peers.

But tithes have been legally alienated or abolished, though not quite so unceremoniously, since the time of Henry VIII. Waste lands for the purpose of removing the obstacle to their improvement, were exempted by a statute of Edward VI. from all tithe for

seven years. Madder, on account of the expense of its cultivation, has been relieved altogether from this payment. In Scotland, as it is well known, tithes were entirely abolished by a very pious monarch, Charles I. who sets forth in the preamble to his famous *Decret Arbitral*, that it is “expedient for the well-being of the realm, the better providing of kirks and stipends, and the establishment of schools and other pious uses, that each proprietor shall have and enjoy his own *teind* (tithe); and therefore decrees that all *teinds* shall be valued and sold, according to certain rules for making the estimate; which was ratified in Parliament by the act 1633, cap. 17.” However sacred, therefore, may be the Church’s claims and rights, they have been repeatedly abrogated or encroached upon when the common weal required the infringement.

The most eminent and pious men in all ages have been opposed to this mode of supporting the clergy. Wicliff repeatedly asserts that the spirit of Christianity was wounded by clerical endowments; and that venom was poured into the Church, on the very day which first invested her ministers, as such, with the rights of property. Archdeacon Paley, who can hardly be considered unfriendly to the real interests of the Church, says, “Of all institutions adverse to cultivation and improvement, none is so noxious as that of tithes. They are a tax not only upon industry,

but upon that industry which feeds mankind, upon that species of exertion which it is the aim of all wise laws to cherish and promote."

When any attempt is made to correct the evils of this impolitic and vexatious impost, without injury to existing rights, a cry of robbery and sacrilege is incontinently raised by the very pastors who value their flocks, as if they were Merino sheep, solely for the sake of the fleece. And after all, who have been such unblushing alienators, not to say usurpers of tithe, as the clergy themselves? Originally, as Southey admits in his Book of the Church, c. vi. "The whole was received into a common fund, for the fourfold purpose of supporting the clergy, repairing the church, relieving the poor, and entertaining the pilgrim and stranger." Who are the parties that have perverted this fund from its original pious uses, and turned it all into their own pockets? If the clergy were not the first instigators of this abuse, they are at all events the greatest gainers by it, not seeming ever to have thought of St. Matthew's injunction—"Freely ye have received, freely give."

The opinion that every man should be allowed, not only to choose his own religion, but to contribute as he thinks proper towards the support of the pastor, whose duties he exacts, has been maintained by Dr. Adam Smith, as well as other enlightened and devout philosophers, and has been successfully carried into

practice by a vast empire—the United States of America. To plead that the voluntary system in England would not adequately support the Church, is to give up the Church, by admitting that it has no hold upon the affections of the people; and that the Catholics and Dissenters have so much more zeal in the cause of religion, as to contribute both to the established system and their own, while the Episcopilians would not even maintain one priesthood, except upon compulsion. A spiritual institution, which, after so many centuries of power and wealth, would immediately fall to the ground, unless propped up by force of law, is surely self-condemned.

To render tithes at all consistent with policy and justice, they should only be imposed to support the religion of the great majority of the people. Where the contrary is the case, as is signally exemplified in Ireland, such an impost is an oppression so unwarrantable and irritating, that we can little wonder at the national misery and disturbance of which it has been the fruitful source. In no way, however, are the existing Clergy answerable for the present mischievous system of tithe, either in England or Ireland. They have found, not made it, and are entitled to a just and liberal compensation for any rights that they may surrender. But for Heaven's sake—or if this plea have lost its efficacy—for the sake of earth, and its peace and prosperity, let us have some quick com-

position for these blood-stained tithes, at least in Ireland. When assailed by the legislature, it is to be hoped that they will not receive the same supernatural support once experienced in France, the annals of which country assure us that in the year 793, the ears of corn were all void of substance, and daemons were heard in the air, proclaiming that they had ravaged the harvests, in order to avenge the clergy, for the reluctance of the people to the payment of tithes!—St. Foix who relates this story, asks, “ how did the devils come to interest themselves so warmly in behalf of the priesthood ?”

It is maintained by some, that in England the tithes are no hardship, or that they solely affect the landlord: nay, it is affirmed by one writer, that the agricultural interest in general, desire their conservation. My friend T. H., who *will* have his joke, however serious may be the subject, or pitiful the pun it elicits,—asserts, that the burthen of this impost falls upon the farmer, and that if he be really in favour of the tithe, it must be for the same reason that the Mahometan respects Mecca—because it is the burial-place of his *prophet*.

TITLES of BOOKS.—Decoys to catch purchasers.
—There can be no doubt that a happy name to a book is like an agreeable appearance to a man; but if in either case the final do not answer to the first

impression, will not our disappointment add to the severity of our judgment? "Let me succeed with my first impression," the bibliopolist will cry, "and I ask no more. The public are welcome to end with condemning, if they will only begin with buying. Most readers, like the Tuft-hunters at college, are caught by titles." How inconsistent are our notions of morality! No man of honour would open a letter that was not addressed to him, though he will not scruple to open a book under the same circumstances. Colton's "Lacon" has gone through thirteen editions, and yet it is addressed "TO THOSE WHO THINK." Had the author substituted for these words "those who think they are thinking," it might not have had so extensive a sale, although it would have been directed to a much larger class. He has shown address in his address.

TOLERATION.—Being wise enough to have no difference with those who differ from us. The mutual rancour of conflicting sects is inversely as their distance from each other; no one hating a Jew or a Pagan half so much as a fellow Christian, who agrees with him in all but one unimportant point.

If a Hindoo or Mahometan philosopher were to contemplate five hundred different sects of Christians, spitting fire and eternal perdition at each other, in flagrant defiance of the very Scriptures which they profess to teach and obey, would he not be tempted to

exclaim—"Unhappy men! ye are all likely to be equally right in your denunciations, for when ye condemn each other, ye condemn yourselves!"

Fain would the bard on all impress
The hatred of intolerance,
Teach them their fellow men to bless,
Whatever doctrines they advance,
Bid every fierce contending sect
Humble its passions, and reflect,
That real Christians love the souls
Of those by whom their own are doom'd,
As frankincense perfumes the coals
By which it is itself consumed.

TOMB.—A house built for a skeleton:—a dwelling of sculptured marble, provided for dust and corruption:—a monument set up to perpetuate the memory of—the forgotten.

TONGUE.—The mysterious membrane that turns thought into sound. Drink is its oil—eating its drag chain.

TRÁGEDY—is preferred to comedy—(unless it be the *comédie larmoyante*;)—and novels with a distressing conclusion, to those which end happily, because they occasion a greater excitement. By nature, we are all more acutely sensible of pain than pleasure, and can therefore sympathize more intensely with the

former than the latter. All persons like strong sensations, and the novel-reading world in particular, consisting mostly of male or female idlers of the better class, little conversant with real miseries, fly for a relief from the monotony and mental stagnation of tranquil life, to the stimulus of fictitious distress. Their sympathy with imaginary happiness is too tame to deserve the name of an emotion.

TRIALS.—Moral ballast, that often prevents our capsizing. Where we have much to carry, God rarely fails to fit the back to the burthen; where we have nothing to bear, we can seldom bear ourselves. The burthened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port; but the vessel without ballast, becomes so completely the sport of the winds and waves, that there is danger of her not reaching it at all.

TRIFLES—may be not only tolerated but admired, when we respect the trifler. Little things—it has been said, are only valued when coming from him who can do great things. It has been affirmed that trifles are often more absorbing than matters of importance; but this can only be true when said of a trifler—of a mean mind pursuing mean objects. Mirabeau maintains that morality in trifles, is always the enemy of morality in things of importance; a

position not less untrue than dangerous; for it is precisely in trivial affairs that a delicate sense of honour and rectitude is most certainly exhibited, as we throw up a feather and not a stone to ascertain the direction of the wind.

TRUTHS.—Many a truth is like a wolf which we hold by the ears—afraid to let it escape, and yet scarcely able to retain it. And why should we let it go, if it be likely to worry or annoy our neighbour? To promulgate truth with a malicious intention, is worse than to infringe it with a benevolent one, inasmuch as a pleasant deception is often better than a painful reality. It was a saying of the selfish Fontenelle, that if he held the most important truth, like a bird in his hand, he would rather crush it than let it go. Lessing the German, on the contrary, found such a delight in the investigation of truth, that he professed his readiness to make over all claim as its discoverer, provided he might still be allowed to pursue it. Nor can we wonder at his holy ardour, for to follow truth to its source, is to stand at the footstool of God.

UGLINESS—An advantageous stimulus to the mind, that it may make up for the deficiencies of the body. Medusa's head was carried by Minerva; and

it will generally be found, that as beauty remains satisfied with exterior attractions, plainness strives to recommend itself by interior beauty. Talent and amiability, which are more loveable than mere loveliness, will always impart a charm to their possessor, as the want of them will render even a Venus unattractive. Countenance, or moral beauty, the reflection of the soul, is as superior to superficial comeliness, as mind is to matter. It is a halo, which indicates the *mens divinior*, and will win worshippers, however unadorned may be the shrine whence it emanates, for she who looks good cannot fail to be good-looking.

UMBRELLA.—An article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

UNIFORMITY—Religious.—A chimera, not less unattainable than identity of taste, or consimilarity of face, form, and stature. And why should we believe that God, being recognised as he is, by all nations, should delight in consentaneousness as to the mode of worship, when the whole genius of the world, both moral and physical, evinces a design to introduce the greatest possible diversity into every department of creation? Varieties of doctrine are but modifications

of the moral creation, under the influence of the religious principle.

The gems of soul that God hath set
In frames of silver, gold, and jet,
Tinged by their tegument of clay,
May shed a varicolour'd ray ;
Yet, like the rainbow's motley dyes,
Unite, and mingle in the skies.

Man, like the other plants of earth,
Takes form and pressure from his birth ;
And since, in various countries, each
Prays in a different form of speech,
Why may not God delight to view
Variety of worship too ;—
All to one glorious source address'd,
Although in different forms express'd ?
The vast orchestra of the earth
Millions of instruments displays ;
But when its countless sounds go forth,
To hymn the same Creator's praise,
The mighty chorus swells on high,
In one accepted harmony.

USURY—Law of.—Punishing a man for making as much as he can of his money, although he is freely allowed to make as much money as he can. Usury (*ab usu aeris*) is rent for money, as rent is usury for land.

VANITY—like laudanum, and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. No man, who is not pleased with himself, even in a personal sense, can please others ; for it is the belief of his own grace that makes him

graceful and gracious. If it be a recommendation to dress our minds to the best advantage, and to render ourselves as agreeable as possible, why should it be an objection to bestow the same pains upon personal appearance? Dress often influences character; for the man whose well-regulated mind has a due sense of propriety and fitness, will train himself from the outside inwards, and act up to his externals. Our present uniformity, and plainness of attire, have given a monotony to character, and lowered the general standard of manners. Who can look upon a cloth sleeve and drab trowsers with the elevating feelings inspired by embroidered silk and the dangling sword, which, in determining the rank, conferred, to a certain degree, the sentiments and the demeanour of a gentleman? When men, too, wore different dresses according to their age, they naturally adapted their deportment and conversation to their attire, which tended still further to produce individual consistency, and general variety. As old and young now wear the same habiliments, there is as little difference in their manners as in their coats; a sameness which cannot be right in one direction, and may be wrong in both.

VERSE.—There seems to be no peculiar adaptation of the rhythm or verse to the subject, whether grave or gay, which custom and association may not conquer. The French Alexandrine, in which Racine

composed his tragedies, and Voltaire his *Henriade*, is the burlesque verse of the English. Compare the following, or any line of the *Phèdre*—

“D'un mensonge—aussi noir—justement—irrité,”

and its rhythm will be found nearly identical with this, from Anstey's Bath Guide—

“For his wig—had the luck—a cathartic—to meet.”

On the contrary, the French burlesque verse is nearly the same as the heroic ten syllable verse of the English.

VICE.—Miscalculation; obliquity of moral vision; temporary madness. A single vice, thrown aside only because it was worn out, is often considered a valid set off against all those that we still retain. Heaven, it is said, rejoices over one penitent sinner, more than over ninety and nine that have never erred; but it is not written that one sin, by which we have been abandoned, is to give us acquittance for the ninety and nine that we continue to practise. And yet there are many who seem to imagine, that squeamishness upon a single point will give them warrant for a want of scruple upon all others. Brissot, to whose writings and conduct the horrid massacres of the Tuilleries, on the 10th of August, 1792, have been principally ascribed, exclaimed, in defending himself to Dumont,

—“Look at the extreme simplicity of my dwelling, and see whether you can justly reproach me with dissipation or frivolity. For two years I have not been near a theatre !” The man whose starch morality will not allow him to witness tragedies at a playhouse, may surely be allowed to perpetrate them on the stage of real life !

It may be doubted, whether vice be so effectually repressed by the fear of future, as of immediate punishment. Jack Ketch exercises a more potent influence than the devil; for none can doubt the existence of the former, while evil men have a strong motive to be sceptical as to the existence and avenging power of the latter. The hope of future reward is the best consolation to the good under affliction; but the belief that virtue and vice are their own reward and punishment, even in this world, will moralise many from a sense of interest, who might not have been so certainly reclaimed by a sense of duty.

VULGARITY—is not found in uncivilized life, because, in that state, there is little difference of rank, and less of manners; nor is it, in a civilized country, a deficiency of politeness or refinement, as compared with the most polished classes; for a peasant may be a gentleman, and a peer a vulgarian.

Vulgarity of manners may co-exist with a polished

mind, and urbanity with a vulgar one: the union of both constitutes the gentleman, whatever may be the grade in which it is found.

WITCHCRAFT—belief in.—A reproach to reason, and a monument of folly and atrocity, composing part and parcel of the wisdom and humanity of our ancestors. The most magical circumstances attending imputed magic, is the apparent impossibility of its being believed, even by the parties implicated, whether witches or witchfinders. Sorcery was a convenient crime to fix upon those who had no other; but how could it be credited that helpless, lonely, infirm, and suffering old women,—for such were generally reputed to be witches,—if they had obtained command over the powers of light or darkness, would not exercise it for their own benefit and relief, before they thought of directing it to the good or evil of others? A wretched creature, from mere malignity, is supposed to inflict injuries upon her neighbours; and yet these identical parties scruple not to provoke her terrible malice to the utmost, by bringing her to a painful and ignominious death, from which her puissant ally, Satan, can do nothing to save her. Was ever such a tissue of glaring impossibilities! Apuleius, who was accused of magic, availed himself of this argument—“*Sin vero, more vulgari, cùm isti propriè magum existimant, qui communione loquendi cum Diis immortalibus, ad omina*

*quæ velit, incredibili quadam vi, contingere polleat;
oppidò miror cur accusare non timuerint quem posse
tantum fatentur."*

James the First, as it is well known, wrote a treatise on Demonology; the large-minded Bacon countenanced witchcraft; Sir Matthew Hale thanked God, upon his knees, that he had lived to condemn sorcerers to death; the lawyers, quoting from the *Malleus Maleficarum*, stickled as stoutly as usual for the maintenance of the old law, and the wisdom of our ancestors; while the clergy, citing the Bible, and the witch of Endor, stigmatized, as infidels and atheists, those who objected to the burning of all old women known to be partial to black cats, or suspected of taking nocturnal rides through the air, upon an enchanted broomstick. If it had not been for the efforts of unprofessional teachers, the common people would still remain plunged in a Serbonian bog, of the darkest ignorance and superstition. Truly they are much indebted to their pastors and masters!

WAGS AND WITS.—Lamps that exhaust themselves in giving light to others. Their gibes, their gambols, their songs, their flashes of merriment, their puns and bon-mots, and bright, and sharp, and pointed sayings, are but as so many swords, which, the oftener they are drawn forth, do but the sooner wear out the scabbard. It is much easier to make others forget time,

than to prevail on old Chronos to forget us. The *fêtes* to which a man of wit is invited, only afford an excuse to the fates for shortening his thread. He finds it is no joke to be always joking; his stomach and his convivial reputation fail him at once; his jests die because he cannot digest; so many good things have gone into his mouth, that none can come out of it; and the fellow of mark and likelihood, without whom no party was deemed complete, no laughter-loving guests assured of constant coruscations and cachinnations, becomes used up, worn out, stultified, superannuated, and is left to his obscure lodging, to digest, if he can, his own indigestions, to be taken by the hand by no one but the gout, and to try solitary conclusions with the grim sergeant—death. An old joke, especially if it be very little of its age, is a bad thing, as the readers of this work must often have exclaimed; but an old joker is a sad thing, as many a facetious ancient has found to his cost.

WANTS.—Suicides and self-destroyers. Man's bodily wants have been the great stimulus to all the arts, sciences, and discoveries, which have elevated him to his present civilization. The nakedness, helplessness, and necessities of the “bare forked animal,” combined with the amazing powers and lofty aspirations of his reason, have enabled him to become the true lord of the creation, to conquer the elements by

which he is surrounded, and to make them minister not only to the removal of his minutest wants, but to the supply of his most superfluous luxuries. Had he been born with the fur coat, or the stomach of a bear, he would have remained a brute, or at best a savage.

WAR.—National madness. An irrational act confined to rational beings; the pastime of kings and statesmen, the curse of subjects. Admitting the social instinct of man, Montesquieu was not afraid to confess, that the state of war begins with that of society; but this desolating truth, which Hobbes has abused to praise the tranquillity of despotism, and Rousseau, to celebrate the superior independence of savage life, is with the philosopher the sacred and salutary plea for government and laws, which are an armistice between states, and a treaty of perpetual peace between citizens.

WHIGS—In power, are often Tories, as Tories, out of power, are Whigs. The public may well say with Mercutio, “A plague on both your houses,” having found, to their cost, that whichever party comes in, *they* are sure to be losers, and that—

“C'est pour le peuple une chose moins aigre,
D'entretenir un gras, que d'engraisser un maigre.”

When, in the history of this country, we see one

party driven out for incapacity, and their opponents claiming the reins of government as a matter of course, although they had not long before been expelled for a similar incompetency, we are reminded of the argumentative answer of the Irish peasant,—“Paddy, do you know how to drive?”—“Sure I do; never a better coachman in all Connaught. Wasn’t it I who upset your honour into a ditch two years ago?” As the present Whigs, however, who have given us Reform, have made abundant atonement for the errors of their predecessors, they should be free from any reproach that may attach to the name. It has now merged into the more noble one of Reformers, and so long as they continue to direct their power to the same patriotic and beneficial ends, no lover of his country will wish to see them dispossessed of it. As to the Tories, they have confessed every thing laid to their charge, by acknowledging the very name to be so odious, that they have been fain to betake themselves to an *alias*.

WHISKERS.—“I cannot imagine,” said Alderman H—, “why my whiskers should turn grey, so much sooner than the hair of my head.”—“Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains;” observed a wag.

WINDMILLS.—Machines which are only kept

going by being perpetually puffed, in which respect they bear a pointed resemblance to certain authors. The latter raise the wind by increasing their sale, whereas the former diminish their sail as the wind increases.

WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.—The experience of the inexperienced, and the superior knowledge of the ignorant. Old women in pantaloons, who object to the smallest reform in our antiquated establishments, because they suited our forefathers, recall to memory the debate in the assembly of the Sorbonne upon the propriety of ordering new table-cloths.—“What!” exclaimed a grey-bearded doctor, the conservative of the college, “are we wiser than our grandfathers? Are not these the identical cloths of which they so long made use?”—“Yes,” said another, “and that is the reason why they are completely worn out.”

WIT—consists in discovering likenesses—judgment in detecting differences. Wit is like a ghost, much more often talked of than seen. To be genuine, it should have a basis of truth and applicability, otherwise it degenerates into mere flippancy; as, for instance, when Swift says,—“A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot;” or when Voltaire remarks,

that "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." This is a random facetiousness, if it deserve that term, which is equally despicable for its falsehood and its facility.

Where shall we discover that rarer species of wit, which, like the vine, bears the more clusters of sweet grapes the oftener it is pruned; or like the seven-mouthed Nile, springs the faster from the head, the more copiously it flows from the mouth?

The sensations excited by wit are destroyed, or at least impaired, if it excites the stronger emotions, or even if it be connected with purposes of utility and improvement. We may laugh where it is bitter, as the Sardinians did when they had tasted of their venomous herb; but this is the risibility of the muscles, allied to convulsion, rather than to intellectual pleasure.

You may sometimes show that you have not got your own wits about you, by thinking that other people *have*. When Mrs. M'Gibbon was preparing to act Jane Shore, at Liverpool, her dresser, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request two box orders, because she and her daughter had walked four miles on purpose to see the play. "Does she know me?" inquired the mistress. "Not at all," was the reply. "What a very odd request!" exclaimed Mrs. M'G.—Has the good woman got her faculties about her?"—"I think she

have, Ma'am, for I see she ha' got summut tied up in a red silk handkercher."

WOMAN.—An exquisite production of nature, between a rose and an angel, according to a German poet; the female of the human species, according to the zoologists; the redeeming portion of humanity, according to politer fact and experience. Woman is a treasure of which the profligate and the unmarried, can never appreciate the full value, for he who possesses many does not possess one. Malherbe, says in his Letters, that the Creator may have repented the creation of man, but that He had no reason to repent having made woman? Who will deny this: and which of us does not feel, though in due subjection to a holier religion, the devotion of Anacreon, who, when he was asked, why he addressed so many of his hymns to women, and so few to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

In England the upper classes are generally so much occupied with public affairs, or with local and magisterial duties, to say nothing of the uncongenial sports of the field, that women are obliged to associate with frivolous danglers and idlers, to whose standard they necessarily lower their minds and their conversation. To appear a *blue-stocking*, subjects a female to certain ridicule with those coxcombs who adopt the silly notion of *Lessing*, "that a young lady who

thinks, is like a man who rouges," and who maintain that she should address herself, not to the sense, but to the senses of her male companions. Politics have thus tended to effect a mental dissociation of the sexes, the jealousy of dunces to trivialize the conversational intercourse that still subsists, and women whose unchecked intellectual energies would be "Dolphin-like, and show themselves above the element they move in," are compelled to bow to this subjection, unless they have the courage to set up for blue-stockings—and old maids. Were their supremacy to effect no change in the present general character of the sex, I believe the world would be an incalculable gainer by making them lords of their lords, and committing to them the sole direction of all affairs, both national and domestic. As some of our most distinguished sovereigns have been females, is it unreasonable to conclude that we should ensure permanent good government for the whole human race, by acknowledging the sovereignty of the sex?

To the French must be assigned the honour of the following just encomium, "*Sans les femmes les deux extrémités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.*"

WORDS.—Sometimes signs of ideas, and sometimes of the want of them. When so many are coining new words, it is a security against a super-

fluous supply to know that old ones are occasionally lost. An Eton scholar, whose faculties had been bemuddled with the spondees and dactyls of prosody, having got out of nominal into real nonsense verses, carried up a *soi-disant* Latin epigram to his master. After reading it over two or three times very carefully, the pedagogue exclaimed, "I cannot find any verb here." "That is the reason that I brought it to you," said the boy with great *naïveté*, "I thought you might perhaps tell me where it was."

WORDSWORTH.—The cheerful piety of this writer, his penetrative wisdom, most profound when it appears the most simple, and his ennobling aspirations, all modulated into the most exquisite music of which our language is susceptible, touch a chord, as we are reading him, with which every heart may be proud to beat in unison. Not in cities, not in colleges, nor even in the solitary cell, can his writings be properly appreciated. We should wander forth with them to the fields and groves, where we may imbibe the kindred influences of nature, and hold communion with the Creator through the medium of the beauty and magnificence He hath every where created; until the hallowed and invigorated soul, throwing off all its petty cares and misgivings, effuses itself in a serene delight. To feel the poems of Wordsworth, we should peruse

them with the fresh air of heaven blowing round about us, amid the scenes that he pictures, where we may compare the face of nature with its reflection in the printed mirror before us; where we may acknowledge the presence and the influence of that exhilarating Spirit which he loves to evoke, and yielding ourselves to the devout reveries he has so described, may gradually sink into—

————— “that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul ;
While with a heart made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep sense of joy,
We see into the life of things.”

WORLD—the.—A great inn, kept in a perpetual bustle by arrivals and departures: by the going away of those who have just paid their bills (the debt of nature), and the coming of those who will soon have a similiar account to settle:—*Decessio pereuntium, et successio periturorum.*

WRITING — Painting invisible words — giving substance and colour to immaterial thought, enabling the dumb to talk to the deaf.

WRONG—may be aggravated without any in-

crease of evil doing, as good may be diminished without any abatement of actual beneficence. "Joyful remembrances of wrong actions," says Jean Paul, "are their half repetitions, as repentant remembrances of good ones are their half abolition. In law, the intention, not the act, constitutes the crime; and in the moral law, virtue should be measured by the same standard.

YAWNING—Opening the mouth when you are sleepy, and want to shut your eyes; an infectious sensation very prevalent during the delivery of a tedious sermon, or the perusal of a dull novel, but never experienced when reading a work like the present!

YEARS—of discretion. The young and giddy reader is requested to see—Greek Calends.

YOUTH—A magic lantern, that surrounds us with illusions which excite pleasure, surprise, and admiration, whatever be their nature. The old age of the sensual and the vicious is the same lantern without its magic—the glasses broken, and the illusions gone, while the exhausted lamp, threatening every moment to expire, sheds a ghastly glare, not upon a fair tablecloth, full of jocund associations, but upon what appears to be a dismal shroud, prepared to receive our remains.

And now, gentle reader, or rather may I call you simple, if you have waded through this strange farrago, here will I bring it to a close, hoping by its example the better to impress upon you the pithy precept, that all our follies and frivolities, all our crude and undigested notions, all our “bald and disjointed talk,” should, like this little volume, terminate with—YOUTH.



POETICAL SELECTIONS.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR AT BABYLON.

BEHOLD the king in his banquet hall,
 With columns outstretching far and wide,
 From the statue of Bel at the western wall,
 A ponderous idol, grim and tall,
 To the figured sun in the east descried,
 Whose rays of gold
 In their centre hold
 An altar crown'd with a blazing light,
 Never extinguished by day or night.

The feast was o'er, but along the board
 Sparkled the flagons in lengthened line,
 While swart Egyptian slaves outpoured
 Into cups of agate the Shiraz wine.
 Merrily laugh'd
 The guests as they quaff'd,
 And ever and aye, when their mirth was mute,
 Softly stole o'er the perfumed air
 The music of sackbut, cornet, and flute,
 Blended with voices rich and rare,

And the brazen trumpets at intervals
Blew up a flourish that shook the walls,
Tantara-ra ! Tantara-ra !
When the revel rout gave a choral shout,—
“ Nebuchadnezzar the Great !—Huzza !”—

And the king went up to a platform high,
Which none but himself might walk upon,
Whose window gave to the gazer's eye
The glories of mighty Babylon.
Beneath were the terraced gardens—dight
With clustered bowers—parterres of flowers,
And cool cascades, which from height to height
Sparkled and flashed, as they downwards dashed,
Till they plunged in the broad Euphrates below,
Churning to foam its majestic flow.
And the king on the topmost slope espied
In the pleasant shade, by a cypress made,
His lov'd and beautiful Median bride ;
And he knew the sound of her dulcimer,
For none of her ladies play'd like her,
And her voice—as a seraph's musical,
Chaunted the praise of her monarch lord ;
And well did its triumph strain accord
With the pæan peal'd from the banquet hall,
Tantara-ra ! Tantara-ra !
“ Nebuchadnezzar the Great !—Huzza !”

While the setting sun's unclouded beams
Gilded its temples, towers, and streams,
Again on the city the king looked out,
Girded with triple walls about,
Turreted walls that might stand the shocks
Of war like a ridge of rooted rocks,
While every battlement, fort, and keep,
Was circled by ditches wide and deep,—

The graves of those
Who should come as foes,
To disturb the fortress's dread repose.
Its hundred gates of brass he beheld,
Its palaces vast,
Which their shadows cast
On the flood that beneath them proudly swell'd,
And the tower of Belus, whose ramparts high,
Frowning aloft in the sapphire sky,
Upheaved a colossal statue of Bel,
Holding a star
And a scimitar,
As the god and guard of the citadel.
Tantara-ra ! Tantara-ra !
“ Nebuchadnezzar the Great !—Huzza !”

On the vast metropolis gazing thus,
His ears were fill'd with the mingled din
Of the nations multitudinous
Crowded its spreading walls within.

And every gate was a garrison's post,
Where a part he saw of that countless host
Of disciplin'd bands, and savage hordes,
Who, if he but nodded, with brandish'd swords
Would ravage the state,
And seal the fate
Of the mightiest earthly potentate.—
The sense of his grandeur and martial might
Fired his soul with a haughty delight,
And aloud he cried,
In his triumph's pride,
With a swelling bosom and nostrils wide:
“ Is it not Babylon this, which I
Have built for the might of my majesty ?
Am I not lord of the earth,—my rod
Potent as that of a sceptred god ?
Assyria, Persia, Palestine,
Egypt, Phoenicia, all are mine ;
Monarchs and nations my fiat await ;
Am I not Nebuchadnezzar the Great ?”

And the king had a wish, ere the day was o'er,
To ride to the river's palmy shore,
Where the shade of trees,
And the evening breeze,
A coolness gave to the sultry sky :
So down he stept from his platform high,

Mounted his Arab, and sallied out,
With his court and his guard encircled about ;
 The clattering made
 By their cavalcade
Astounding the streets of Babylon,
As with neighing pomp they paraded on,
 For the cymbals flashed,
 While in air they clashed,
And the trumpets and chorus shouted anon—
 Tantara-ra ! Tantara-ra !
 “ Nebuchadnezzar the Great !—Huzza !”

Such was the cry and the clangour, when
 A meadow they reached by the river's shore,
 With willows and palm-trees tufted o'er,
In whose shade sat a band of harass'd men,
With folded hands and a sadden'd eye,
Heaving at times a heavy sigh ;—
 The woes of each
 Were too deep for speech,
They were the Jews in captivity !
Their backs to the Belus tower they turned,
Whose impious walls they loathed and spurned ;
For the sacred vessels and relics divine,
At Sion snatch'd from Jehovah's shrine,
Were garner'd there for the use profane
Of Bel and his sacrilegious train ;
And they faced the west, for 'twas joy to them
Even to look towards Jerusalem.—

As they caught the sound
Of the waters round,
They thought of the Jordan's hallow'd stream,
While the bulwarks tall
On the city wall,
Awaken'd many a thrilling dream
Of Salem's towers, and the temple, where
They never again should meet in prayer.—
As such yearnings stole
To each captive's soul,
The youngest and firmest their grief confess'd
By glistening eyes and a heaving breast ;
While elders and prophets, wrung by the stress
Of age and of exiled wretchedness,
Suffer'd their tears, as they wept amain,
To fall on their flowing beards like rain.

Nebuchadnezzar in sport exclaim'd,
As he check'd his steed in their cool retreat,
“ Men of Judah, I hear you are famed
For your music rare, and your voices sweet.
Sing me a song of Sion, that I
May judge of your boasted minstrelsy.”—
His court, when their master's wish they saw,
As if to show that his will was law,
Suddenly startled the placid sky
With the trumpet's clang and the choral cry—
Tantara-ra ! Tantara-ra !
“ Nebuchadnezzar the Great !—Huzza !”

The captives awhile sat still and mute,
Till slowly rising, one of their band,
In accents plaintive but resolute,
Thus replied to the king's command—
“ We have no hearts for melody. Behold !
Our harps are on the weeping willows hung ;
In a strange land—far from our Shepherd's fold,
To Sion's songs we cannot tune our tongue.
If I forget thee,—Oh Jerusalem !
In weal or woe,—may this right hand be shorn
Of all its cunning,—and may God condemn
My cleaving tongue to speechlessness forlorn !”
“ Where ?” cried the king,—and a scornful smile
Play'd on his leering lips the while,—
“ Where was Jehovah of Israel,
When, filling its streets with slaughter dire,
I took by assault its citadel,
Ravaged its holy of holies with fire,
And as captives bore to Euphrates' shore
You and your tribe with thousands more ?”
Taunting them thus, with gibes and jeers,
And stinging with impious mocks their ears,
The monarch, loud laughing, dash'd away,
With his long cavalcade and proud array,
Their echoes far o'er the thrilling river,
Making its reeds and its rushes quiver
With Tantara-ra ! Tantara-ra !
“ Nebuchadnezzar the Great!—Huzza !”

Then the Jews fell down on their knees, and all
Lifting their hands to the city wall,
With flashing eye and impassion'd tone,
Denounced this indignant malison :—
“ Daughter of Babylon, receive our curse !
 Wasted with misery, and captive led,
May ruin seize thee,—and thy woes be worse
 Than all that thou hast heap'd on Sion's head !
Blessed be he who shall avenge our groans,
 Blessed be he who in his fury just
Shall dash thy very infants on the stones,
 And level all thy glories with the dust !”

Again they sat, and in silence wept
 Till the moonlight gleam'd upon Babylon's towers,
 And touched with silver its streams and bowers;
When back to their prison they musing crept,
 Sooth'd with the thought that their anguish deep
 Would be lost awhile in oblivious sleep,
And not without hope that a blissful dream
 Might waft them in fancy home, to sport
In Jehosophat's vale by the Cedron's stream,
 Or to pray in the Temple's hallow'd court.

POESY.

WHEN kindling ruby in the goblet glances
Beneath the flash of joyous eyes,
And the heart madly in the bosom dances
To music of mirth's revelries;—
When wit, like lightning shoots, and peals of
laughter
Round us with joyous thunders roll,
Still, still, a fear of sorrows to come after
Will steal within, and sting the soul.

By trembling silence when the nymph confesses
A mutual joy at love's first kiss;—
When with her blushing timidness she blesses
Our arms, and steeps the soul in bliss;—
When cherubs form around their angel mother
A halo of domestic joy,
A dread still lurks, that some dark change may
smother
Love's light, and all our hopes destroy.

When the rapt miser gloats upon his treasure,
Feasting his eyes and heart with gold ;—
When on the hero's ear that throbs with pleasure
The shouts of victory are roll'd ;—
When patriots dare a tyrant's frown undaunted,
And nations freed their saviours bless,
The miser, hero, patriot, still are haunted
With thoughts of fortune's fickleness.

But when a poet revels in the visions
Of tuneful sounds and fancies high,
When his quick-springing thoughts, like wing'd
magicians,
Conjure sweet phantoms as they fly,
Then, then, in present transports unsuspicious
Of all the future may present,
He gives his spirit up to a delicious
And rapturous abandonment.

O Poesy, thou sole enchantress gifted
To break the bondage of our birth,
Bidding the soul, upon thy wings uplifted,
Create a Paradise on earth,
If in the crowded and resistless pourers
Of prayers for thine inspiring aid,
I—I, the lowest, last of thy adorers,
Might with a single smile be paid ;

'Twere all I ask :—let other temples, gladden'd
With laurel wreaths their pride proclaim,
With wildering Hippocrene be others madden'd,
Or more intoxicating fame ;—
Enough for me, if, in my humble bower,
By men unseen, to fame unknown,
The fond enthusiast, glorying in thy power,
Sings like the birds, for joy alone.

How exquisite, in summer noons, to enter
A silent, moist, fresh-smelling grove,
And haunt the mellow twilight of its centre,
Lost in the dreams that poets love.—
How thrilling by the tuneful stream to wander,
Fann'd by a beak-resounding breeze,
Or in the roaring of the tempest ponder
On Nature's mighty mysteries.

How awful by the thought-inspiring ocean
To list its everlasting roll,
And feel as if its undulating motion
Upheav'd the heaven-attracted soul.
When winter howls without, and snow-storms
slanting
Against our pane, enshroud the earth,
Then, magic Poesy, thy powers enchanting
Can give ideal landscapes birth.

Then are we snatch'd from naked rattling branches,
From murky and inclement skies,
To vales Elysian, where Apollo launches
Light o'er a leafy Paradise.
Then do we realise old classic stories,
Gods, nymphs, and fawns resume their lives,
Delos and Tempe boast their former glories,
And Pan in Arcady revives.

O Poesy, thou minister of gladness,
At the soft touching of whose hand
Old age and sickness, poverty and sadness,
Are charm'd, as by a magic wand;
While for thy humblest votary thou dost cater
Delights that poets only know,
Let me, thro' thee, adore the great Creator,
From whom all gifts, all blessings flow !

ASSOCIATION.

I.

LIFE—death—are links of one unbroken chain ;—
Heirs to each other interchangeably,
All things now dead have lived—will live again,
And all that lives was dead—again will die.

II.

Earth has been sown with generations,—grass
Is but past life, of present life the prop ;—
We eat—drink—sleep—into our graves we pass,
And form for the unborn a future crop.

III.

Things human—vegetable—animal,
Exchange their forms as death renews their birth ;
Let us then own, and love as brethren, all
The products of our common mother—Earth.

IV.

'Tis this Promethean thought that vivifies
And humanises all the forms we see,
Bidding them wake new sympathies, and rise
Above their dull materiality.

V.

Our ancestors are in the corn and trees ;
 The living fields are fertilised by death ;
 The dust was human once, and every breeze
 That blows around us has been human breath.

VI.

O ye departed beauties, turn'd to clay !
 Who wept or laugh'd in long-forgotten hours,
 Methinks your tears, and smiles, and bright array,
 Live in the dewy and the sunny flowers.

VII.

Even the beasts are kin to us ; we trace
 Their blood in ours ; and therefore should earth's
 Lord,
 The father, not the tyrant of the race,
 To their whole family his love accord.

VIII.

The life they share—in flight already swift ;
 Coming from God, and meant to be enjoy'd,—
 Is far too precious, too divine a gift,
 To be in sport or wantonness destroy'd.

IX.

Association makes the whole world kin :—
 O'erleaping time and space, its magic power
 Can bring the future and the past within
 The scope and feeling of the present hour.

X.

O sun, and moon, and stars, and painted skies !
O sea and earth, with your enchanting sights !
How much more deeply do I sympathise
With your resplendent glories and delights,

XI.

When I reflect that all within the tomb
Once shared the raptures ye awake in me,
And that ye still shall gladden and illume
Myriads of human creatures yet to be.

XII.

Since, then, in nature, every changeful form
Its consanguinity with man can prove,
Let the whole world, to our affections warm,
Be one united family of love ;—

XIII.

Of love, sublimed and hallow'd by the thought
That all created things, from star to sod,
Are brooded over by the power that wrought
Light, life, and love—our common father—God !

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

I.

“A GRACELESS hussy !” was mother’s word,
Was ever such vulgar language heard ?—
Graceless !—why, haven’t I been to pray,
For the last six Sundays, twice a day,
Since I wore Mr. Spraggs’ present—my new
Straw bonnet, with ribbons of red and blue ?—
It’s *so* becoming, has *such* an air !
No wonder the folks should nudge and stare.—
Hussy, forsooth !

II.

He’s a gentleman traveller, Mr. Spraggs,
Who has *Eau de Cologne* in his saddle-bags ;
His hair is always perfumed and curl’d,
His hands are the whitest in all the world,
He walks on his toes, and picks his way,
Yet his boots are clean’d afresh every day ;
While his silver snuff-box and diamond ring,
Prove Mr. Spraggs to be quite the thing.—
Hussy, forsooth !

III.

Mother calls me idle;—why, didn't I rise
Last Monday before she open'd her eyes,
And steal to the orchard gate to say
“Good bye, Mr. Spraggs,” when he went away?
He kiss'd me but once, but 'twas better than two
Of Robin's smacks;—then he sigh'd adieu,
Mounted his saddle-bags, breathed my name,
And spurr'd his mare, for she's rather lame.—

Hussy, forsooth!

IV.

He tells me a handsome face like mine
In London will make me a lady fine;
So mother herself cannot call me rash,
If I go up to town just to cut a dash.
I'll drive round the Ring in my own tax'd cart,
With a plume that shall make the horses start,
A pink parasol, a spic-and-span
New swandown muff, and an ivory fan.—

Hussy, forsooth!

V.

Lauk! while I've been dreaming, that wicked cow
Has kick'd down the milk! what'll mother say now?
And there goes Robin—O hateful sight!
Arm in arm with that odious Sally Wright!

Give her up, dear Robin, and Mr. Spraggs
May ride to old Nick on his saddle-bags ;
If you'll only come back I will name the day,
And never shall mother nor you have to say
I'm a hussy, forsooth !

THE AGONIES OF MYSTERY.

A sound!—a sound!—a sound!
Startles the sultry summer noon;
Above—beneath—around,
Rushing, as if the winds of June
Were breath of language, and the sunbeams each
Had found a lightning mouth,
East—west—north—south,
Into the farthest spheres to dart their speech.
The thrilling universe in silence hung
On that appalling tone,
For it was felt and known
That the sun spoke with a miraculous tongue.

“ Hear me, O Lord! hear, hear! and give reply
Unto my prayer of agony,

For I can bear no more these fierce, acute,
Impatient yearnings ; and my soul,
Maddened beyond controul,
Bursts into voice, because all nature's mute.
Why to this flaming centre am I chain'd,
The fount of day and light,
Yet ignorant and dark as night
Of the great end for which I was ordain'd ?
Why did I spring from chaos,—when
Shall I return into its den,
Quench'd in the dust of worlds, till all around
Be, as at first—a formless, void profound ?
Why do the circling planets still unfurl
Their shining hemispheres, until I feel
My sicken'd senses reel
With their monotonous incessant whirl ?
Why, when exhaustion pales my rays,
And I seem fainting on my funeral pyre,
Do comets rush from other founts of fire,
Replenishing my blaze,
As if in proof that I am doom'd
To flame eternal, yet be unconsumed ?
Oh ! be no longer dumb,
Thou, whose sensorium
Is the infinitude of time and space.
Creator ! speak my final fate,
Or light and order uncreate,
And let black chaos fill my vacant place."

O'er the wide world the noisy noon
Was silent, hush'd, and still as death,
As if all nature held her breath,
By wonder plunged into a sudden swoon.
Short was the stupor; struggling Earth was first
To break the spell, and rouse the sky,
As with a penetrative cry
Her hoarded sorrows into language burst.

“Creation's Lord! hear! hear!
Oh, give reply unto my passionate prayer,
And tell me why my sphere,
Form'd with a skill so exquisite—so fair
In all the pomp of radiant sky,
And elemental majesty,
Revolves in the mysterious pageant grand
Fashion'd from chaos by thy mighty hand?
Why do I wheel around the sun
With an exactitude that never errs?
When will my giddy course be run?
What does earth mean? what means the universe?
Madden me not with ignorance, but say
Why was I form'd—when shall I pass away?”

Silence return'd—deep, solemn, strange,
Until the moon, the stars, and planets flaming
Far beyond telescopic range,
Thrill'd boundless space with voices, each exclaiming,
“Madden me not with ignorance, but say
Why was I form'd—when shall I pass away?”

Again no sound throughout all space;
But soon the myriad human race
Of earth, and every other living sphere,
In their souls' simultaneous vent,
Pierc'd the wide-echoing firmament
With loud unanimous cries of—“Hear, oh,
hear!
In pity to us, Lord!
Dispel this most abhor'd
Uncertainty—reveal, reveal the cause,
Why, when our reason's light,
And astronomic might,
Can penetrate the universe's laws,
We still are left in darkness dense
As to the moral world's design,
Which seems, to our benighted sense,
At variance with thine attributes divine?
Why do pain, vice, and wrong torment us still?
All-good, thou canst not wish them to endure:

All-mighty, nothing can withstand thy will,
A wish, a thought, would all our sufferings cure.
Solve this tormenting mystery ;—why, why,
Gifted with reason, form'd like thee,
And heirs of Immortality,
Live we in darkness like the beasts that die ?
Madden us not with ignorance, but say
Why was man form'd—when will he pass away?"

Again o'er these miraculous prayers and cries
Silence her empire won,
When suddenly the sun
Turn'd pale, and trembled ; earth, moon, stars,
and skies,
Wan in the ghastly blight
Of that unnatural light,
Stood fix'd in awe, each shivering in its zone.
O'er all the living spheres,
Mankind, with thrilling ears,
Hiding their faces, on their knees fell prone ;
For, lo ! a voice sonorous, clear,
That shook all nature's heart with fear,
From every quarter of the heavens broke,—
It was the Lord who spoke !

“ Sun, moon, and earth,
Revolving planets, comets, stars!—obey
The laws assign’d ye at your birth,
Till with eternity ye pass away—
Enough to know, that He whose might
First bade ye roll, still guides your flight.”

“ Lord of creation, reason, and free will,
Attempt not, man! my secrets to explore;
Must your high gifts and attributes be still
Not grounds of gratitude, but claims for more?
More knowledge would be fatal; bear your doom,
Nor, moth-like, seek the light that would consume.

Reflecting how thy favour’d race
Still wins a higher, nobler place,
Emerging from the past, like day from night,
Receive thy present rich excess
In freedom, knowledge, happiness,
As earnest of a future still more bright.

I am around thee ever, guide and guard,
Heaven is before thee—seek that bourne—discard
The wish to know what nature has conceal’d;
Lift not her sacred veil, but wait,
Submissive to your fate,
Till, in time’s fulness, all shall be reveal’d.”

Brief silence wrapp'd creation—when,
From sun, moon, planets, man, and skies,
Thro' space's farthest boundaries,
Sounded these words, with reverent accord,
“Thy holy will be done, O Lord !
Amen ! Amen ! Amen !”

THE DOWNS.

I.

HEY ! for the Downs with their outlines vast,
Where the eyes may the far horizon sweep,
Nor an object meet, as around them cast,
But the grass, the sky, and the distant deep.
My steed with a gladsome lightness bounds,
And snorts as he scents the thymy turf,
And away we hie, to the mingled sounds
Of the lark, and the wind, and the distant surf.

II.

Fresh is the air, and the hues are bright,
In beauty unrivall'd, above, beneath,
As the clouds and the sun give shade and light
To the golden gorse, and the tinted heath.
My barb bounds high, but within my breast
My heart is leaping with wilder glee,
For it feels with a deep and thrilling zest,
The glories of earth, and sky, and sea.

III.

These are the scenes where a Spirit reigns,
In whose presence the yearning soul expands,
For all is primeval, and all remains
As it came from the great Creator's hands.
Oh ! where can a holier joy be known,
As we bound o'er the trackless silent sod,
Than to feel that we traverse a world of our own,
All apart from man,—all alone with God !

MUSINGS IN THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

I.

MAN can build nothing worthy of his Maker :
From royal Solomon's stupendous fane,
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker,
All, all are vain !—

II.

The wondrous world which He himself created,
Is the fit temple of creation's Lord ;
There may his worship best be celebrated,
And praises pour'd.—

III.

Its altar—earth, its roof the sky untainted ;
Sun, moon, and stars the lamps that give it light,
And clouds by the celestial artist painted,
Its pictures bright.

IV.

Its choir all vocal things, whose glad devotion
In one united hymn is heavenward sped,
The thunder-peal, the winds, the deep-mouth'd ocean,
Its organ dread.—

v.

The face of nature its God-written bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can wrest, interpolate, or libel
Its loving lore.—

VI.

VII.

Thus by divine example do we gather,
That every race should love alike all others,
Christian—Jew—Pagan, children of one Father,
All, all are brothers.—

VIII.

Conscience, heaven's silent oracle, th' assessor
Of right and wrong in every human breast,
Sternly condemns th' impenitent transgressor
To live unblest.—

IX.

The pious and the virtuous, tho' assaulted
 By fortune's frown, or man's unjust decrees,
 Still in their bosoms find a pure, exalted,
 Unfailing peace.—

X.

Hence do we learn that harden'd vice is hateful,
 Since heaven pursues it with avenging rod,
 While goodness, self-rewarded, must be grateful
 To man and God.—

XI.

O thou most visible but unseen teacher,
 Whose finger writes its lessons on our sphere !
 O thou most audible, but unheard preacher !
 Whose sermons clear—

XII.

Are seen and read in all that thou performest,
 Wilt thou look down and bless, if when I kneel,
 Apart from man-built fanes, I feel the warmest
 And purest zeal ?

XIII.

If in the temple thine own hand hath fashion'd,
 'Neath the bright sky, by lonely stream or wood,
 I pour to thee, with thrilling heart empassion'd,
 My gratitude ;—

xiv.

If in thy present miracles terrestrial,
Mine eyes behold, wherever I have kneeled,
New proofs of the futurity celestial
To man revealed ;—

xv.

If fearing Thee, I love thy whole creation,
Keeping my bosom undefiled by guilt,
Wilt thou receive and bless mine adoration ?
Thou wilt ! Thou wilt !

THE VOYAGER TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

WHEN I float becalm'd in the southern spheres,
And the heavens are reflected clear and true,
Till the sea like a gleaming glass appears,
Between two hemispheres bright and blue ;
When the waves are hushed, and there's silence deep
O'er the cloudless sky and unruffled main,
When all nature seems to have sunk to sleep,
And the sailors of idle rest complain,
I share not their listless dull ennui,
For my thoughts still turn, my beloved, to thee !

II.

When my bark is stunn'd in its wildering flight,
O'er the madden'd deep, by the thunder's crash,
And the summer noon would be dark as night,
Save for the lightning's ghastly flash,—
When the sail is torn from the broken mast,
When the rudder's gone, and no boat on deck,
And my shuddering comrades shrink aghast
As the surges sweep o'er the driving wreck,
My yearning heart still clings to thee,
In that perilous hour of agony.

III.

By the Baltic shores when the blue eyed maid,
As fair and fresh as her native snows,
On a couch-like sledge, in her furs array'd,
Assails my heart with her cheek of rose ;
When with raven locks, and with orbs of jet,
In the spicy shade of some Indian grove,
The languishing light-clad fond brunette,
By her wiles would win the wanderer's love ;
From fair and dark I am equally free,
My heart has no passion except for thee.

IV.

And why are my venturous sails unfurl'd
In each fearful wild of the faithless main,
And why in the harbours of either world
Do I strive fickle fortune's smile to gain ?
'Tis for peace I toil, for repose I roam,
In the hope that my hard-earn'd gold at last
May win me some fair domain at home,
Where the truant may final anchor cast ;
And tempting no more the uncertain sea,
May devote his life, my beloved, to thee !

THE DEFORMED ARTIST.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO I.

I.

IN a small northern moor-encircled town,
Dwelt Adam Langdale ; gaunt, ill-favour'd, thin,
His supercilious and habitual frown
Was only changed for a Sardonic grin ;
Or if he smiled, he seemed to force
His very nature from its course,
For his mind's features were in strict coherence
With his repulsive personal appearance.

II.

A scholar in a rude, unletter'd place,
His scorn of others foster'd self-conceit,
And all his disappointments he would trace
To fortune's malice—ever prone to treat
With frowns the wise—with smiles the fool,
In spite of which pride-saving rule,
Untutor'd by the salvo he invented,
Most querulous he was, and discontented.

III.

Talents like his—he argued—well deserved
A better fate ;—but when he reasoned thus,
He reckon'd not how widely he had swerved
From prudence in his course capricious,
Pursuing ill-digested schemes
Till all his overweening dreams
Sunk in a country town's obscure existence,
A druggist's calling, and a mere subsistence.

IV.

His subtle, quick, and penetrative head
Soon master'd every study he pursued,
But his cold heart, uncultivated—dead,
With love of kind was wholly unimbued,
Appearing to contract and wane
With each expansion of the brain,
Even as the moon grows hourly less resplendent,
As the develop'd sun obtains the ascendant.

V.

The thought of Momus was no more a dream
To the keen dart of his Ithuriel eye,
For he imagined, in conceit extreme,
That in each human breast he could descry—
As thro' a window—every art
And secret working of the heart,
Where he saw nothing—such was his averment—
But odious passions in perpetual ferment.

VI.

If naught but selfishness, moroseness, pride,
And discontent were to his vision shown,
Perchance in that delusive glass he spied
 Not other hearts reflected, but his own.
Thus, when his fellow men he drew
In every hateful point of view,
Deform'd, distorted, stain'd, and tainted,
Like other misanthropes—himself he painted.

VII.

All moral worth he doubted and despised
 As rank hypocrisy, loving to cry,
Whene'er some generous deed was eulogised,
 “ I'faith !—a clever piece of quackery !
How the poor dupes and gulls, who sing
His praises now, reproach would fling,
If this most Pharisaical pretender
Of his true motives an account would render !”

VIII.

Debarred by this sad creed from the delights
 Of head and heart, he courted the less pure
Enjoyments of his sensual appetites,
 A humble but fastidious epicure ;
And e'en this baser pleasure brought
A new discomfort in the thought,
That the poor luxuries his means afforded
Were common-place, contemptible and sordid.

IX.

Objections and distasteful looks were all
His grace at meals, for seldom did his cheer
Content his palate most fantastical :
Or if the food were faultless—he would sneer
In bitter spirit—“O how rare !
One decent dish ! what sumptuous fare !
While my rich neighbours revel unrestricted
In banquets which to me are interdicted.”—

X.

Excess, tho' mean, brings sickness and its ills,
E'en to the poor Apicius of a shop,
And Adam vainly flew to drugs and pills
To whet his appetite—his strength to prop.—
Ill health begot ill-temper—these
Increased by mutual sympathies,
Made him a Valetudinarian pallid,
Peevish and wayward—slovenly and squalid.—

XI.

Yet he possess'd one blessing, constant, pure,
Which, had he known its value, might suffice
To reconcile him to his lot obscure,
And make his poor abode a Paradise.—
It was a generous-hearted wife,
More loving than belov'd—whose life
(Tho' she was oft ill-used, ever ill-mated)
Was to her husband's welfare dedicated.

XII.

Selected from a humble, lonely farm,
In Langdale's better days and better health,
Jane had enjoy'd the luxury and charm
Of means that by comparison were wealth,
Giving her all her heart's desire,
In social cheer and smart attire,
Joys which more keenly flatter'd her ambition,
From contrast with her former poor condition.

XIII.

Loving like woman, gratitude in her
Was proof against ingratitude in him,
And most submissively would she defer
To churlish harshness and capricious whim,
Anxious by yielding to repress,
And soothe his peevish waywardness ;—
Nothing, in short, could make her swerve or falter
From the pledged oath she utter'd at the altar.

XIV.

“ I took him”—she would reason to herself,—
“ For every change that circumstance might bring,
For better or for worse, in worldly pelf,
In health, condition, temper, everything ;—
And shall this compact be forgot,
Because misfortunes are his lot ?
No !—’tis my duty rather to redouble
Whatever cares may mitigate his trouble.”

XV.

Tho' he might hurt her feelings, nothing e'er
Could lessen her respect for him—the wife
Still in her spouse beheld a scholar rare,
And a born gentleman, reduced in life.—
Thus taking pride in him, altho'
All other pride was now laid low,
Duty—compassion—love—all wrought upon her
To hold him still in undiminished honour.—

XVI.

How true it is that a benignant God
To the severest burthens fits the back !
For Jane, without a murmur, kiss'd the rod,
And when her moody hypochondriac
Seem'd only moved to new excess
By all her patient tenderness,
She would retire—and find a consolation
In praying for his peace and restoration.—

XVII.

His comfort being all in all;—to her
No labour irksome that might give him ease,
Like a hired menial, would she minister,
Even to his palate's morbid phantasies,
Reading “The perfect Cook”—for store
Of better culinary lore,
And, with a hand obedient to his wishes,
Herself concocting all his favourite dishes.

XVIII.

Extravagant for him,—in all beside
She practised an economy severe,
Adapted to the means their shop supplied,
And thus they pass'd their life, from year to year,
Like many others, doom'd to toil,
With small reward for much turmoil;
But—thanks to Jane's good management, contriving,
'Mid all their struggles, to obtain a living.

XIX.

This couple had an only child—a boy,
Held by each parent in contrasted view,
The mother's darling and her dearest joy,
To the proud father an annoyance new ;
For, though he could not truly plead
One filial failing or misdeed,
Yet his paternal feelings all were blunted,
Because his son grew up crook-back'd and stunted.

XX.

While yet a child in arms, an awkward maid
Had let him fall,—his spine received a warp,
And though his face was comely, it displayed
That physiognomy peculiar—sharp,
And undefinable—from whence,
Apart from other evidence,
We know at once the features are assorted
Unto a frame disfigured and distorted.

XXI.

Too often in a father's love we find
 Self-love reflected back and misapplied :
Joying to see his lineaments or mind
 Stamped in his children,—while inherent pride
Gives its whole impulse and direction
 To that which he miscalls affection,
The fairest daughter is his favourite ever,
 And of the sons the tallest or most clever.

XXII.

A higher instinct Nature has implanted
 In the disinterested mother's breast,
Who gives most tenderness where most is wanted,
 And ever cherishes and loves the best
Those who are suffering from innate
 Misfortune, or some chance of fate,—
The bodily or mentally deficient,
 The blind, sick, lame, deformed, and ill-conditioned.

XXIII.

Thus, when the disappointed Adam turn'd,
 With feelings hurt, from his disfigured child,
The brooding mother more intensely yearn'd
 With ruth and love, exclaiming in a mild
And soothing voice, “ My son, my son !
Though sire—friends—kindred thou hast none,
Be not dejected, but encouraged rather,
For I will be to thee friends, kindred, father !”

XXIV.

From this maternal vow no lapse of years,
No change, no crisis, could her soul entice,
And the dear object of her hopes and fears,
Richly rewarded her self-sacrifice,—
For Herbert—so the boy was named—
In his developed mind proclaimed
Judgment and talents, solid, if not splendid,
With virtues of the highest order blended.

XXV.

Most happily, indeed, was he embued
With the best gifts each parent could supply,
The father's intellect, acute and shrewd,
The mother's gentle amiability,—
With either's failings unallied,
His talents bred not spleen and pride,
While his habitual deference and meekness
Sprung neither from timidity nor weakness.—

XXVI.

With a devoted mother's love content,
The sire's estrangement saddened not the child,
For blithe and buoyant was his temperament,
Slow to take umbrage, quickly reconciled.—
Even his crooked back, as yet,
Had never wakened one regret;
For in his home sequestered it invited
Small observation, and no taunts excited.

XXVII.

But, startling was the change, when first at school
He stood the butt of fifty mocking boys,
The bolder shouting jibes and ridicule
Close to his ear, with unrelenting noise,
Vying which best should imitate
His hump—his stunted form—his gait ;
While the more timid mimick'd at a distance,
And not one champion came to his assistance.

XXVIII.

Then did a crushing sense of his distortion,
Wither his heart, and flush his burning cheek,
He felt himself a monster—an abortion,
A frightful thing of scorn—he could not speak.
Aghast and overwhelmed he stood
In a soul-sick disquietude,
Wishing, while sudden tear-drops gush'd unbidden,
That he could sink—and be for ever hidden.—

XXIX.

This cowardice—for so they deem'd it, gave
Encouragement to the tormenting throng ;—
But Herbert—though most peaceable, was brave,
And no submitter to insulting wrong.—
His gentle sympathies were all
Converted to indignant gall,
Till, in an access of ungoverned feeling,
He struck his foremost foe, and sent him reeling.

XXX.

“A ring ! a ring !” each eager urchin cries :—
”Twas formed *instanter*, and our youngster fought
With an antagonist of double size,
In pugilistic practices well taught.
Such odds could no one long confront,
And yet our Tyro bore the brunt
Most manfully, until he lay extended,
With strength exhausted—and the fight was ended.

XXXI.

When he recovered power and breath, he burst
Into the master’s room—detailed the assault,
And was chastised for having been the first
To strike a blow—a never pardoned fault.
Thus early did he make the sad
Discovery, that he must add
To hostile school-fellows, the fresh disaster
Of a tyrannic, undiscerning master.

XXXII.

Annoyance new and bitterer contempt
Pursued “the Hunch-back’d tell-tale” more and more,
And rarely for an hour was he exempt
From all that persecution, small but sore,
Which boys, to cruel mischief wrought,
By petulance and want of thought,
Pour on the scape-goat, who must bear the sallies
Of their oppression, wantonness, and malice.

CANTO II.

XXXIII.

HEART-WITHERED at the misery, he turn'd
To her whose love was now his only hope,
Stating, in "thoughts that breathed and words that
burned,"

The wrongs and woes with which he had to cope ;
And she, although her harder mate
Wish'd to leave Herbert to his fate,
Flew, with a heart for once exacerbated,
And snatch'd him from the tyranny he hated.

XXXIV.

At home henceforward was he kept, and taught
Beneath a mother's eye, now doubly dear,
But his few wretched days at school had wrought
A revolution in his mental cheer ;
Fled was his former happy mood,
He shrunk from sight, loved solitude,—
And, with a sense of deep humiliation,
Bewail'd his scorn-provoking mal-formation.

XXXV.

Perchance it is this irritating sting,
When cripples feel inferior to their kind,
Which sometimes makes them—like our “crook-
back'd king,”
Thwart and disnatured in the cognate mind ;—
But no injustice could pervert
Our Herbert's gentle heart—though hurt
That its fond yearnings should be unrequited,
Still were its pure affections all unblighted.

XXXVI.

Oh ! how he loved his mother more and more,
And her whole sex, for that dear woman's sake ;
Oh ! how he loved his spaniel, who forbore,
Although he track'd his heels, to mock his make.—
And, oh ! with what delight intense,
Did he abandon soul and sense,
To Nature's worship—finding solace sweetest
Where his unseen seclusion was completest.

XXXVII.

Here would he sit, in meditative dream,
Admiring earth below and heaven above,
In grateful worship of that Judge supreme
Who maketh not distinctions in His love,
But wills the plain or fair elect,
The stunted, crooked, or erect,
As they have best discharged their several duties,
Without regard to blemishes or beauties.

XXXVIII.

“ My soul” (’twas thus he would soliloquize)
“ Shares not the body’s tortuous defect,
And they who view my form with scornful eyes,
May yield me still compulsory respect,
If in my temper, talents, mind,
And general conduct, they can find
Merits and virtues, in such large proportion,
As may outweigh my personal distortion.”

XXXIX.

Inspired as well as solaced, by the thought,
He gave to study all his willing soul,
While in his mental discipline he wrought
Over himself so perfect a controul,
That he grew up—self-tutor’d thus,
Without scholastic stimulus,
Doubly accomplish’d in the rare completeness
Of shining talents and ingenuous sweetness.

XL.

True, he was melancholy still—intent
To fly and hide from vulgar observation,
For the deep sense of his disfigurement
Pursued him still with sore humiliation ;
But in his humbled heart, instead
Of angry bitterness, it bred
A firm resolve—in spite of form and features—
To win the favour of his fellow creatures.

XLI.

Now must this painful trial be essay'd,
 Now must he quit his solitary haunts,
 For it was time to fix upon a trade,
 And shun his father's supercilious taunts,
 Who often ask'd, with frowning look,
 " What ! will you live upon your book ?
 When will you cease this profitless existence,
 And make exertions for your own subsistence ?"

XLII.

Ne'er would the youth have tempted this reproach,
 Could he have fix'd what calling should be tried,
 But he determined never to encroach
 On the small gains his father's shop supplied.—
 No—fortune's favours he would court
 Not solely for his own support,—
 But in the hope of finally relieving
 His parents from their penury aggrieving.

XLIII.

While yet a boy, by native genius taught,
 He painted landscapes with a facile hand,
 And lately had attempted portraits—fraught
 With merits supernatural, when scann'd
 By his fond mother's gossip crew,
 Nor view'd without applauses due,
 When better critics, and less partial neighbours,
 Were judges made of his precocious labours.—

XLIV.

Here, in the very art that he preferr'd,
He thought a decent living might be made;
For portrait-painting, he had often heard,
However bad, is seldom badly paid :
And he believed that zeal intense,
Combined with equal diligence,
Might make at least a partial compensation
For all his want of artist's education.

XLV.

Altho' no better project he supplied,
His sire received it with derisive scorn :
“ Let him not paint himself”—he coldly cried—
“ And he may daub all fools of woman born.
Them he may turn and twist at will,
Making the plainest plainer still,
And, ten to one—whatever their grimaces—
Their minds will still be uglier than their faces.”

XLVI.

How different were the feelings of his mate !
Believing—(and what fond maternal heart
Such dear delusion can repudiate ?)
That he would win distinction in his art,
She practised now a double thrift,
And of her savings made a gift
To Herbert—for the purchase of whatever
He wanted to advance his fix'd endeavour.

XLVII.

Great was the progress made at small expense :
Six months he studied in the country town :
Books and engravings, zeal and diligence,
 Finished our young aspirant for renown,
Who now began—tho' not without
A modest diffidence and doubt,
(For as the time approach'd his hopes grew fainter,)
To dub himself in print a portrait painter.

XLVIII.

His mother's portrait, placed for public view
 In the shop window, with his name and price,
Was an advertisement that daily drew
 Some to admire, and some to criticise :—
But still, whichever set prevail'd,
Its wondrous likeness none assail'd,
For truly he had painted *con amore*,
Inspired by filial love, and hope of glory.

XLIX.

Low prices, blended with the happy skill
 Of so commingling flattery with truth,
As to improve the face or form, and still
 Retain the likeness, quickly brought our youth
Employment ample,—while his pay,
Tho' small, accruing day by day,
Began his lowly spirit to embolden,
And fill futurity with visions golden.

L.

“ Soh !” he soliloquised with honest pride—

“ The stunted Hunchback—unsubdued by fate,
Spite of what niggard Nature has denied,

May still surpass the comely and the strait.—
It was my first, my dearest dream,
To win my fellow men’s esteem,
Let me then ply my art, and gather honey ;
For what commands respect so much as money ?”

LI.

The pleasing thought that his disfigurement,
Redeemed by talent, might be noticed less,
Was heightened by a happy poem sent
Anonymously to the local press,
Which—when it had received the meed
By Fame’s admiring tongue decreed—
He own’d, not less confused at the confession,
Than if he had acknowledged a transgression.

LII.

This new distinction proved a new delight,
By which his muse was foster’d and sustain’d,—
He painted—wrote—and as the years took flight,
Fresh honours for maturer tasks obtain’d,
Until, in time, he lost the shame
Of his deformed and stunted frame,
And felt himself, with such endowments gifted,
Above his personal distortion lifted.—

LIII.

Sweet was the thought that he had now subdued
Nature's disgrace by honorable art ;
In which conviction dear his earlier mood
Of cheerfulness revisited his heart,—
The more, when in his mother's eye
Glisten'd the tear of ecstasy,
As she commingled praises and caresses,
While e'en his sire took pride in his successes.

LIV.

And so he flourish'd, rich in such renown
As a small rural circle could allow,
Rich in the earnings which dispell'd the frown
Of penury from either parents' brow,
Richer than all in that calm joy,
Without disturbance or alloy,
Which spoke of peace and reconciliation
Both with himself—and with the whole creation.

L.V.

Too soon, alas ! this happy mood was chased !—
Among the sitters for their portraits came
A farmer's daughter—perilously graced
With charms that might the coldest heart inflame.
Well therefore might their frequent view
Fire our admiring artist, who
Was made more sensitive by his profession
To forms of grace, and beauty's soft impression.

LVI.

Altho' some envious freckles marr'd her fair
Complexion soft, yet dimpled cheeks of rose,
Blue beaming eyes, luxuriant auburn hair,
And laughing lips one never wish'd to close
(Except to kiss them)—they displayed
Teeth in such even whiteness laid,
Join'd to a form symmetrically ample,
Of Saxon beauty gave a happy sample.

LVII.

Indulged in all her whims (what only child
Can, without detriment, this trial meet?)
Susan was somewhat petulant and wild,
Nor altogether free from self-conceit ;
But she was cordial, good, and gay,
Laughing her merry hours away,
Partly to show her teeth's unrival'd whiteness,
And partly from her heart's vivacious lightness.

LVIII.

When we record that Herbert—hapless youth !
Became enamour'd of this rural rose,
The reader, smiling, will impeach our truth ;
For 'tis a common error to suppose
That the ill-favour'd and deform'd,
By Nature's sympathies unwarm'd,
Cannot by any passion be o'ertaken,
Which they appear unfitted to awaken.

LXIX.

Tho' they may love, and wither, and despond,
Feeling the most what they can least excite,
We only laugh at their affections fond,
As if their heart had forfeited its right
To human feeling.—Strange mistake !
And cruel too—for thus we make
Accidents, blemishes, or Nature's blindness,
A plea for man's additional unkindness.

LX.

Spite of this notion,—we repeat the fact,—
Herbert fell over head and ears in love ;
Nor knew his danger till his heart was rack'd
With all the torments that the jealous prove ;
For he soon found, to his dismay,
That there were rivals in his way,
And one, least meriting her good opinion,
Who seem'd most likely to be Susan's minion.

LXI.

This was Miles Grey, his school antagonist,
With whom fate doom'd him to contend again.
Tall, handsome, rattling, foremost on the list
Of boon companions, confident and vain,
Miles, we are sorry to confess,
Was not less fitted for success,
From his attempt to quit his proper station,
And shine in rakishness and dissipation.

LXII.

When our young farmer should have traced the rounds
Of his own fields,—attired in gallant plight,
He spurr'd his bit of blood to cheer the hounds,
And seldom miss'd the race-course, or the fight;
Where, with th' initiated set,
He gloried to carouse and bet,
Tho' subjected to constant cheats and crosses,
Quarrelings, frauds, and ill-afforded losses.

CANTO III.

LXIII.

How many women make the same mistake
In different ranks ! Excited by the hope
To fix the rover and reform the rake,
Whose gay career has had the wildest scope,
They turn, with coldness unconceal'd,
From well-conducted men, and yield
Their hearts most readily to the victorious
Don Juan, whose bad name is most notorious.

LXIV.

Susan, as Herbert saw, was not exempt
From this infatuation—" yet," he cried,
" ' Faint heart ne'er won fair lady !'—I'll attempt
To make her mine ; and if my suit's denied,
I'll urge her, as a friend sincere,
To check her perilous career,
And not prefer the profligate and shameless
To suitors good and true, whose lives are blameless."

LXV.

He made the attempt—proclaimed with proud delight
The flattering prospects opening to his view,
Mourn'd his disfigurement and want of height,
But hoped, that as his mind was strait and true,
He might, by gratitude and love,
A not unworthy husband prove,
Would she but listen kindly to his offer,
And take the hand which he presumed to proffer.

LXVI.

Scarcely could Susan keep her countenance
Till he had ended, when she laugh'd outright,
Exclaiming, as she viewed herself askance,
“ What ! am I grown so old, or such a fright,
That I must throw myself away
Upon a hunchback ?—prythee, say,
Do you propose to me in sober sadness,
Or are you smitten with a sudden madness ?”

LXVII.

“ Mad ! mad !” cried Herbert, in a wild’ring storm
Of passion, from the fair one’s presence rushing ;
Loathing himself and his accursed form,
Flouted with laughter, hated, scorn’d,—a crushing
Sense of commingled wrong and woe
Inflamed his soul, as, to and fro,
In the lone fields for many hours he wander’d,
And bitterly on his rejection ponder’d.

LXVIII.

Thus roaming until sunset, he beheld
Miles Grey and Susan walking arm in arm,
As lovers fond:—his jealous bosom swell'd,—
But when he heard them laugh, a new alarm
Fill'd him with rage:—*his woes*, perchance,
Excited this exuberance.
He writhed, and swore, while thus exacerbated,
To quit a dwelling-place which now he hated.

LXIX.

Next dawn he fled, and to his mother wrote
The secret of his disappointed heart,
With vows henceforward solely to devote
His love, and time, and talents to his art;
Hoping, in this pursuit of pelf,
To serve his parents, soothe himself,
And thus retrieve, in more propitious places,
His mortifying sorrows and disgraces.

LXX.

Fortune seem'd eager to dispel his gloom:—
Where'er he went, thro' many a northern town,
Fresh sitters crowded to his painting room,
Filling his purse, and spreading his renown.
He raised his price—still sitters came:—
He doubled it—'twas just the same.
In England nothing half so much entices
As bold pretension, and expensive prices.

LXXI.

Herbert, however, from pretence was free;
His merits were with modesty allied,
Although he thought himself at liberty
To make the most of fortune's swelling tide,
Since every gain, and smile of fate,
Seem'd, in his present morbid state,
A sort of reconciling compensation
For his defective stature and formation.

LXXII.

Desiring for his purse at least to get
The homage which his person ne'er could win,
It was his pride—we own it with regret—
To make parade of wealth :—his diamond pin
A Nabob might have worn ;—his dress
Display'd both care and costliness ;—
And no patrician exquisite could cluster
Rings on his fingers of more brilliant lustre.

LXXIII.

Becoming with more patronage more bold,
A four-wheel'd chaise display'd his arms and crest ;
Time pass'd—his gains augmented, and, behold !
A lacquey sate beside him, gaily dress'd.
Exulting in this state, he cried,
At times, with undissembled pride,
“ Well ! Susan yet may mourn her predilection
For ruin'd Grey, and grieve for my rejection ! ”

LXXXIV.

Still half his profits to his mother went,
That her own wants and cares might be removed,
And that her ampler table might present
The little luxuries his father loved.
Moved by a delicate respect,
He never sent these sums direct
To his unkindly sire, whose alienation
Might, for the giver, hate the obligation.

LXXXV.

Thus eighteen months had pass'd ; his heart still burn'd
For Susan, but his dark despondency
Success had chased away—and now he yearn'd
Once more, beneath his mother's loving eye,
For a few days to dwell at home ;
Then on another tour to roam,
In hopes to make his parents, by his labours,
As independent as their proudest neighbours.

LXXXVI.

While his horse rested, on his southern way,
He walked one morning to a haggard spot,
Where, in wild chaos and confusion lay
Crag and abyss, with here and there a plot,
'Mid granite masses bare and stern,
Of mossy turf or nodding fern,
Attempting, with the smile of vegetation,
To cheer the gloom of frowning desolation.

LXXVII.

Over this mountainous and rocky scene
Burst suddenly a thunder-shatter'd cloud,
When down thro' ev'ry gorge, and torn ravine,
Rush'd a fierce cataract with roarings loud,
Leaping and foaming in its track,
Like a bewilder'd maniac,
And gath'ring fury from each fall and sally,
Till it plunged headlong in the flooded valley.

LXXVIII.

Enough it was the senses to astound,
To listen to that hideous din unquell'd,
The torrent's ceaseless shout—the muffled sound
Of stones enormous by the stream propell'd,
The fiend-like shriekings of the blast,
The crash of falling crags—and last,
O'erpowering all—the stunning burst of thunder,
Threatening to split the solid earth asunder.

LXXIX.

The rocks reverberated back the howl,
The valleys echoed it in bellowings deep,
While cloud to cloud replied with fainter growl,
Startling the far horizon from its sleep.
And now, from other masses, burst
A peal more awful than the first;
Again the sky was riven, and from its gashes
Leap'd the live lightning in terrific flashes.

LXXX.

Seem'd it to Herbert as he mark'd this sad
Havoc where peace so lately held her reign,
That Nature must have suddenly gone mad,
Or that the storm was gender'd in his brain.
But, when he could no more deny
Its terrible reality,
He felt the greatness of the God whose fiat
Might—through all worlds—restore chaotic riot.

LXXXI.

Clearing away as quickly as it broke,
The storm dispersed—the azure sky was seen,
In the bright rays the hills began to smoke,
And spanning half the hemisphere serene,
Its nearer point a rainbow dipp'd
Into a hanging wood, and tipp'd
The glistening leaves with all the rich and tender
Varieties of a prismatic splendour.

LXXXII.

Forth from the rock, whose overhanging brow
Had shelter'd him, did Herbert now emerge,
When thro' a narrow cleft he saw below,
Gently down sloping from the craggy verge,
A small oasis, green and bright,
Which seem'd the haunt and the delight
Of vocal birds ; for all the air was ringing,
After the storm, with their triumphant singing.

LXXXIII.

At the same time a figure was espied,
Stealing along the confines of the dell,
Whose skulking air and peering eyes implied
Some covert aim—perhaps some purpose fell.
Alone, and in a district drear,
Which might excuse mistrust and fear,
Herbert, not courting any needless danger,
Drew back, and watched the motions of the stranger.

LXXXIV.

While thus he gazed, the man began to ply
With nets and call-birds his ensnaring trade :—
Hence all his stealth ; but this discovery
No favourable change in Herbert made,
For of all crafts that bear the die
Of human inhumanity,
The summer bird-catchers he thought invested
With cruelties the most to be detested.

LXXXV.

“ The hawk (he cried) with an instinctive aim
Sustains his own by taking others breath ;—
The fowler kills for sport—a barb’rous game,
Although he mostly deals an instant death ;—
But, in his cage, the songster dies
A thousand deaths for one demise,
For even fancy cannot paint a rougher
Change than the wretched prisoner must suffer.

LXXXVI.

“ What anguish to resign the summer bowers,
 The joys of freedom, and of social cheer,
 The boundless sky, the sunshine, and the flowers,
 For a close dungeon—solitary—drear !—
 Of which the irons, that controul
 His flight, must pierce his very soul,
 As we may gather from the groans he utters,
 Not heard—but seen in his convulsive flutters.

LXXXVII.

“ Nor are these torments all ; for some, bereft,
 Pine for their mates with all a widow’s grief,
 While others mourn their callow broodlings left
 To cry for food till death shall bring relief ;
 And a third class, more hapless still,
 Amid this aggravated ill,
 Must struggle with the instinct of migration—
 The very clime a new incarceration.

LXXXVIII.

“ O horrid, heartless, cruelty ! for mere
 Amusement to inflict so sad a fate,
 And for a moment’s pleasure to our ear,
 A whole life’s pleasures to annihilate,
 Making the songster’s gift his curse,
 And thus presuming to reverse
 God’s will—who meant these glorious musicians
 All lands to gladden on their wandering missions.

LXXXIX.

“ Thank Heaven ! I never shot a bird—I ne’er
Thought recreation gave me warrant just
For blotting music—beauty—joy from air,
And changing them to torture—silence—dust.
Viewing all life as God’s own breath,
I could not deal a wanton death ;
But better kill than see your victim languish,
Doom’d to a cage’s never-ceasing anguish.

XC.

“ It is not music to my harrow’d ears,
The wail of captives through their prison bars ;
But melodised despair and vocal tears,
Whose discord with my thrilling heart-strings jars.
Yes, there appears to me a ban
And fearful malison on man,
In every cry of these immured bewailers,
To Heaven appealing ’gainst their cruel jailors.”

CANTO IV.

XCI.

SUCH being his impressions, he could never
See the bird-catchers at their art employed,
Without some furtive or overt endeavour
To render all their machinations void.—
Their plottings he would circumvent,
Or, by some seeming accident,
Would scare the prey the moment it was getting
Within the reach of the insidious netting.

XCII.

He did so now, and saw a flock of birds
Fly the impending danger; but his aim
Had not escaped the snarer, who, with words
And looks of menace, from his covert came.
It was Miles Grey!—he swore an oath,
Struck Herbert suddenly, and both
Were at the very moment of their meeting
Exchanging rapid blows for mutual greeting.

XCIII.

Not such the difference between each foe,
As when at school they last engaged in war,
Herbert was now a man—in stature low,
But with an arm alert and muscular ;
His mind incited by the strong
Sense of his rival's former wrong,
And by the thought, that in a spot so lonely,
He fought for life, perchance, not conquest only.

XCIV.

Habitual intemperance, combined
With each excess of a licentious will,
The strength of Grey had deeply undermined,
While a blind rage destroyed his boasted skill,
So that when first his fury's vent,
And vigorous assaults were spent,
He fell repeatedly, each new prostration
Threat'ning the battle's loss and termination.

XCV.

At length he lay inert, as if unmann'd,
And all unable to renew the strife ;
But when his victor stoop'd with helping hand,
To raise him up—the villain drew a knife,
And struck him with exulting yell :—
As Herbert, staggering backwards fell,
His base assailant rose, and disappearing
Down a dark glen, was lost to sight and hearing.

XCVI.

Herbert essay'd to follow, but his strength
Was waning quickly with his flowing blood;
A fainting fit ensued, and when at length
His consciousness return'd, beside him stood
An aged pedlar, who applied
A bandage to his wounded side,
And bore him up, until, by his assistance,
He reached a cottage, though at trying distance.—

XCVII.

Here he was kindly tended, and at dark
Appeared a country surgeon, who declared,
With many a sage and erudite remark,
That tho' the wound was deep, the knife had spared
The vital parts—three weeks, perhaps,
(Four at the utmost) might elapse,
When he might travel home, unless a fever
Or inflammation baffled their endeavour.

XCVIII.

Meanwhile the news of this atrocious act
Was bruited abroad o'er hill and dale,
And ere three days the culprit, closely track'd,
Was seized, examined, and immured in jail.
By Herbert's bed a magistrate
Took notes of all he had to state,
Then bound him over in due time to tender
Such evidence as might convict the offender.

XCIX.

Spite of the surgeon's prophecy, six weeks
Were slowly wasted in that cottage lone,
Before the patient, whose discoloured cheeks
Betrayed the sufferings he had undergone,
Could safely travel homewards, though
He meant to move by stages slow,
In his own chaise, attended by his servant,
Who waited on him with a zeal most fervent.

C.

Forgive him, reader ! if his bosom yearn'd
With pride as he regained his native town,
To think that he—the little Hunchback spurn'd,
An artist now of credit and renown,
Came back in triumph, with good store
Of gold, and certainty of more,
Driving his chaise, while John beside him seated,
The glories of his equipage completed.

CI.

Yet from his proper heart he strove to hide
The very vanity that swelled its sphere ;
“ Tis not to gratify myself,” he cried,
“ But to delight my friends and parents dear ;
And most my mother, who is best
Entitled to indulge the zest
Of seeing all her flattering predictions
Proved to be facts, and not o'erweening fictions.”

CII.

It chanced, that, as he reached his native place,
 Susan beheld him enter, and confess'd
 By her astonished start, and flushing face,
 The various feelings struggling in her breast.
 " Well !" she exclaim'd in deep amaze,
 " His liveried groom and four wheel'd-chaise
 Are not, as I imagin'd, all ideal,
 But manifest to sense—substantial—real.

CIII.

" How pale he looks, poor fellow ! yet his air
 (As well it may) appears more self-possess'd.
 He's strikingly improved, I do declare !
 And then so nicely and genteelly dress'd !
 How much he's changed !—unless my sight
 Deceives me he has gain'd in height,
 And his defect of figure, once so staring,
 Is certainly not half so mark'd and glaring."

CIV.

How far the chaise and servant might affect
 This flattering estimate, we will not say :—
 Mix'd motives guide us all, and few detect
 The secret springs of which they feel the sway.
 Susan believed that naught beside
 Simple politeness was her guide,
 When morning saw her to the Langdales going,
 To pay a visit which had long been owing.

CV.

After congratulations warm and high,
On his return in such a prosp'rous state,
But most of all on his recovery
From an assault so fell and desperate,
She ventured, with a blush, to say
“ Where is the miscreant—Miles Grey?
What is his punishment? I hope his sentence
Will work his reformation and repentance.”

CVI.

“ I learn”—was the reply—“ that he set sail
Last Wednesday for New York.”—“ How fled he
hence ?”—
Demanded Susan—“ Did he 'scape from jail ?”
“ No, he was freed for want of evidence.
Feeling no wish to prosecute,
Or follow out a vengeful suit,
I stopp'd all law proceedings and advances,
And paid my forfeited recognizances.”—

CVII.

“ Amazement! what inexplicable aim
Made you so singular a course pursue ?”
“ One”—replied Herbert, “ which the world may blame,
But which should never be condemned by you.
I view'd him not like other men,—
He was your favour'd lover when——”
“ My lover !” Susan interposed—“ my lover !
That girlish preference has long been over.”

CVIII.

“ When his true character stood all confess’d,
 I spoke to him no more.—In deep disgrace,
 O’erwhelm’d with debt, and fearful of arrest,
 He finally absconded from the place;
 Since when he has pursued, I hear,
 A reckless vagabond career,
 Furtively prowling round preserves and covers
 With poachers, bird-catchers, and other rovers.”

CIX.

“ Susan ! I never heard of this event.
 For aught I knew, you might have been his wife,
 And thinking the disgrace and punishment
 Which fell on him might sadden all your life,
 I swore I would not lift a hand
 To fix on Grey a felon’s brand.
 I hated him—that fact I will not smother,
 But not so deeply as I loved another.”—

CX.

“ Was it for me, then ?”—falter’d Susan—“ me,
 By whom you were rejected—scorn’d—betray’d—
 That you could set the hated rival free
 Who level’d at your heart his deadly blade !
 O generous Herbert ! where, oh where,
 Shall I find language to declare—”
 She paused, contending with her bosom’s throbbing,
 Then burst into a fit of tears and sobbing.

CXI.

Embolden'd by this gush of tenderness,
And the kind feelings in her heart that swell'd,
Herbert the lucky moment seized to press
His suit once more; and she, who now beheld
Her lover's figure in his mind,
So noble, manly, and refined,
Consented to be his with fresh outgushes
Of grateful tears, and agitated blushes.

CXII.

Yes, she, the admired of all beholders—she
For whom a score of rustic swains had sigh'd,
Won by his truth and magnanimity,
Gladly became the hunchback'd artist's bride :
Ay, and a prouder, happier wife,
Or one who less, in after life,
Her choice repented, you would ne'er discover,
Were you to scrutinize the kingdom over.

CXIII.

And who enjoys felicity more pure
Than her delighted spouse ?—For his thwart form
What cares he now ?—Of competence secure,
And bless'd with Susan and her love, his warm
And reconciled affections find
Recipients in all human kind,
And while dispensing kindness to his neighbours,
He gathers blessings from his loving labours.

CXIV.

Oh ! it was touching when I saw them last,
 To mark him brooding o'er his infant son,
 And supplicate the nurse to hold it fast,
 Lest it should fall, as he himself had done ;
 While Susan cried, in tender tone,
 " Oh ! let him but in mind alone
 Resemble thee, thou best of human creatures !
 And little shall I weigh his form or features."

CXV.

Yet there is one more deeply bless'd than they,
 Tho' her beatitude be calm and mild ;—
 'Tis Herbert's mother, who will, day by day,
 Gaze on the parents, and their lovely child,
 Until the tears of rapture seek
 Their course adown her furrow'd cheek,
 When she will steal away, and lowly kneeling,
 In warm thanksgivings vent her bosom's feeling.

CXVI.

How well has Shakspeare said, " there is a soul
 Of goodness in things evil,"—for the cold
 And rugged father felt the soft controul
 Of Herbert's love, and bounties manifold ;
 Bounties that often had the force
 To make him whisper in remorse,
 " I have not earn'd his friendship—he should rather
 Show hatred than regard for such a father."

CXVII.

Yet every filial favour was bestow'd
With such a delicate discerning tact,
And his affectionate demeanour show'd
Such mark'd respect in every word and act,
That, by degrees, the sire could feel
A pride in sharing Herbert's weal ;
His renovate affections daily turning
To that dear son with more parental yearning.

CXVIII.

Becoming, too, thro' Herbert, reconciled
Unto his fellow-men, he cast aside
Much of his sour misanthropy, compiled
Of disappointed hopes and sullen pride,
And bent his cold, unsocial will
To meetings with his neighbours ;—still
An unattractive man, tho' much amended,
Not wholly liked, nor wholly unbefriended.

CXIX.

Whence came this change of fate—the blessings whence,
Which a whole family could thus redeem,
Exalting them to peace and competence,
From discontent and penury extreme ?
Fortune bestow'd on them no prize
In any of life's lotteries ;
What, then, the causes which this change effected ?—
A broken back, and lover's suit rejected !

CXX.

If it be true that blessings, when abused,
 Become a curse, what daily proofs arise
That crosses and misfortunes, rightly used,
 And well improved, are blessings in disguise.
Yes, they who wisely regulate,
 May conquer the severest fate ;
For an all-gracious Deity reproveth
 With kindly aim, and whom He chasteneth, loveth.

STANZAS.

I.

LIFE ! thou bright flash between the infinitudes
Of posthumous and antenatal gloom ;
Life ! thou identity of different moods,
Whose thread but ties the cradle to the tomb,—
Oh ! how have saint and sinner, sage and Vandal,
Conspired to bait thee with abuse and scandal !

II.

In one thing thy accusers never vary,—
Thou’rt brief and wretched—an establish’d charge ;
Yet both the cynic and voluptuary
Have time upon thy shortness to enlarge,
Finding it sweet to mourn life’s want of sweetness,
And wasting fleeting breath to prove its fleetness.

III.

Turn where we will, we meet the same morose
Complaints of evanescency and woe,
Some are malignant, others lachrymose ;
But all consider life a deadly foe—
A scapegoat, to be cursed and vilipended
By every tongue and pen,—by none defended.

IV.

What ! is it little to exchange the night
Of nothingness for sun-lit earth and skies ?
Little ! to taste the strange and keen delight—
Of life's most sweet and thrilling mysteries ?
Life—in whose every stage content and gladness
O'erbalance still its suffering and sadness.

V.

Oh ! who can e'er forget that glorious prime
When mere existence was delight supreme,
When the young world, a changeful pantomime,
Was an enchanted and enchanting dream ?—
Mirth, sunshine, fragrance, birds, a flowery wild wood,
Such is the recollection of our childhood.

VI.

And manhood, though its smiles be dashed with care,
Whose bitter only zests the sweeter hours,
Are not its duties an enjoyment rare
When pressing forward, with developed powers,
We claim the meed of virtuous endeavour,
Or seek a name that shall endure for ever ?

VII.

Even old age, so feared and so maligned,
Has pleasures which our earlier grasp elude,—
Tranquillity, respect, content of mind,
And a heart-soothing, pious gratitude,
As from the loopholes of retreat it gazes
On the world's vortex, safe from all its mazes.

VIII.

Yes, life for each division of its course
Has separate charms as well as joys for all ;
Are not the senses an o'erflowing source,
Whose lawful pleasures are perpetual,
Or changed, as fancy prompts, for the enhancement
Of intellect's unlimited entrancement ?

IX.

What sweetness, too, in the embosomed train
 Of fond affections that our being bless !
 The ties of kindred, love's impassioned reign,
 Friendship's consolings, home's true happiness !—
 Pleasures which nature bountifully proffers
 Alike to those of full or empty coffers.

X.

And what a palace for creation's lord,
 Wherein to taste life's banquet, rich and rare !
 Sun, moon, and stars, its festal lamps afford,
 The winds and birds make music in the air,
 And for its pictures, earth, sea, sky, have blended
 Their various beauties in profusion splendid.

XI.

But what are all the privileges, rights,
 And glories, of a fleeting world like this ;
 What its most pure and exquisite delights ;
 Compared to that eternity of bliss,
 Perfect in kind, and endless in endurance,
 Of which a well-spent life is the assurance ?

XII.

For life itself, thus loftily endowed
With present certainties, and future hopes,
For life itself, apart from every mode
Prefigured by our fancied horoscopes,
For life, with life's conditions unconfounded,
All, all, should feel a gratitude unbounded !

XIII.

Into the vale of years now sinking fast,
And forced, when young, to fill a toilsome round,
Through life's successive stages have I passed,
By birth unaided, and by wealth uncrown'd ;
Yet all by happiness have been attended,
And on my heart have blessings still descended.

XIV.

For these I thank Thee, God ! by night and day ;
And when Thou sendest death to close mine eyes,
Unmurmuring will I Thy will obey,
In humble hope and trust again to rise,
And share those mercies still, O gracious Maker !
Of which on earth Thou madest me a partaker.



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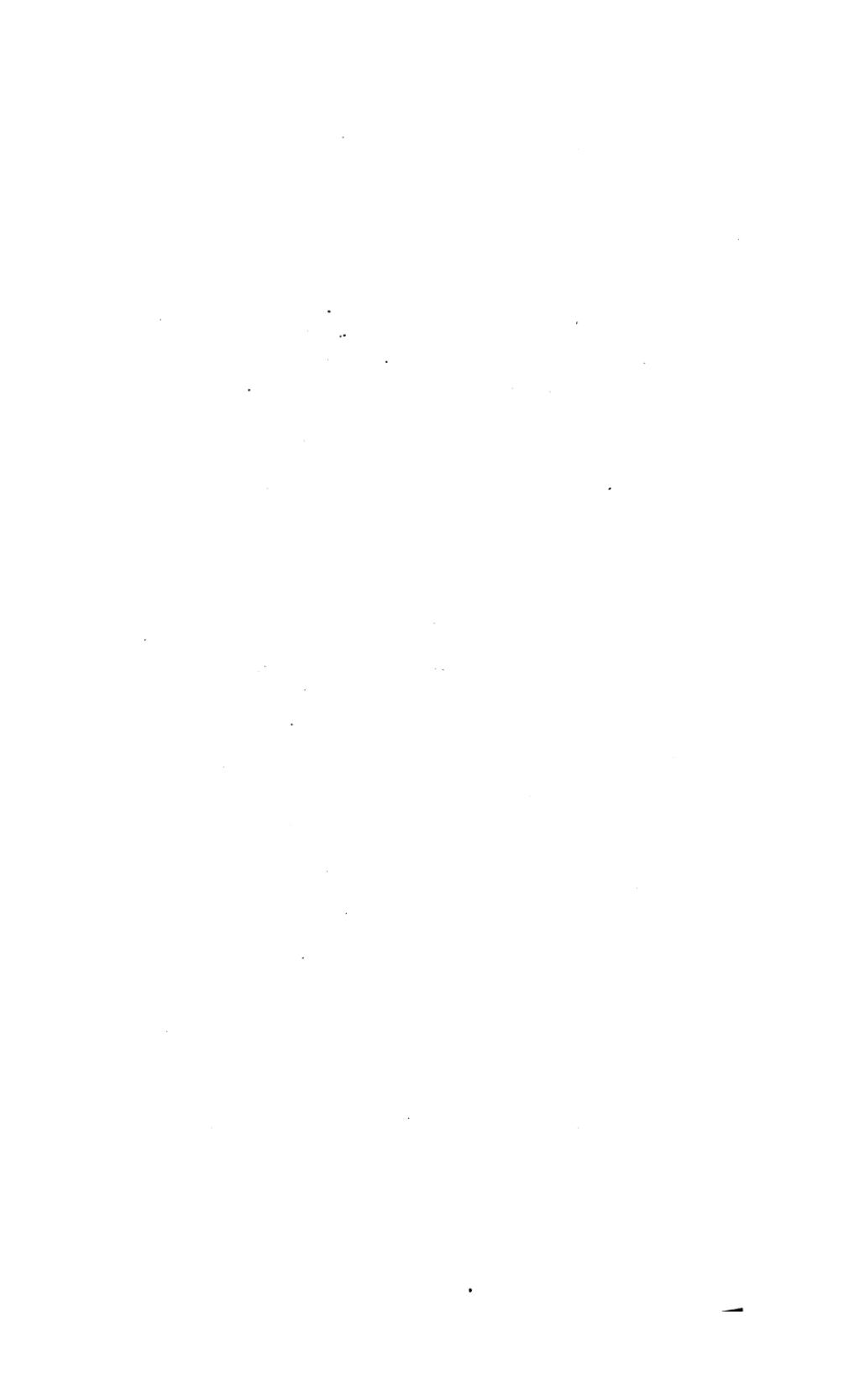
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